The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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Judge Simonton, of Dauphin, has declared the oleomargarine law constitutional.

From the west, north-west, east, and in fact, all around, not excepting New Jersey, come reports of Sunday night's cold blizzard.

If Logan should be elected president of the senate to fill Hendricks' chair, he will be the first accidental vice-president who uses bad grammar.

Nobody is making an effort to pay the rebel debt as predicted, if we got a Democratic administration. The only folks disappointed will be the duped Republicans.

Of every five men you ask the question, who was President before Garfield, four will not remember it was Hayes. The Fraudulent is not worthy a place in the memory o the American citizen.

Professor Bell, the telephone man, says the time is coming when people will be able to see as well as hear one another at long distances.

If he charges as much then for seeing as he now does for hearing it will be the dearest sight in creation.

The Berwin White Coal Company, capital stock $2,000,000, was chartered in the State Depa tment a few days ago. The company proposes to mine coal in Cambria, Jefferson, Blair, Centre and Clearfield counties. C. F. Berwin, of Philadelphia is president.

Hayes, the individual who was fraudulently placed in the Presidency, is constantly thrusting himself before the public. He had the cheek to send a letter of condolence to Mrs. Hendricks, whose husband was one of those whom he defrauded in 1876, and he probably had the impudence to put himself forward for a position in the funeral procession.

Servia got out at the little end so far, but is not going to give up. An order has been issued by the Servian Government appointing Colonel Horvatovitch Commander-in Chief of the Servian armies. In official circles it is thought that the resumption of hostilities is certain, owing to Prince Alexander's refusal of the terms proposed by Servia. It is stated that fighting has already been resumed.

There was an imposing scene at the palace of the Escurial upon the arrival of King Alfonso's body When the procession reached the monastery the Duke de Sexto, the royal chamberlain, knocked and requested admittance for Alfonso. When inside the gates, the Duke unlocked the coffin and called three times in Alfonso's ear. Then, according to the ritual, he said: "There is no reply. It is true the king is dead." He then rel oked the coffin and broke his wand of office.

A Columbia county school teacher deserves the premium for a new way of punishing noisy pupils. A young schoolmaster named Traher, at Numida, a smal village in Columbia county, is charged with punishing talkative pupils by gagging them with corncobs and making them stand on the floor. It is said that when a child of farmer George Snyder thus treated was released the cob was covered with blood and the little one was so exhausted as to require assistance on the way home. Snyder went in search of Traher with a gun, but the young man had disappeared. It is feared that the boy will not recover.

Pittsburg reports a boom in iron. The *Dispatch*, of 3, says the iron dealers report an advance of $1 on pig metal and 50 cents on ore within the past twenty-four hours This has been brought about by the steadily increasing demand for these commodities, especially here, and is the first substantial evidence of a revival of the iron trade. Business in this city is reported as good. The mills are booking plenty of orders at present and through the use and economy of natural gas have a decided advantage over the trade in general outside of the Western Pennsylvania field.

The office of Vice President has become vacant ten times. Calhoun resigned, Clinton, Gerry, King and Wilson died in office, and Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur became Presidents. In two of the cases there was a complete parallel to the present situation in the phase it will assume upon the meeting of Congress; that is to say, the President of the United States and the President of the Senate were of different politics. In 1841, S. L Southard of New Jersey, who had been chosen President pro tem., became Vice President when Tyler succeeded Harrison. Again, in 1850, when Fillmore succeeded Taylor, although they were Whigs, W. R. King, of Alabama, a Democrat, was President pro tem.

THE PENSION LIST.

The *Sun* says twenty years have passed since the civil war ended, yet to-day the list of pensioners is not only greater than ever before, but growing enormously. Ten years after the close of the war it had begun to dwindle, as it naturally would on account of the deaths of veterans, the marriages of soldiers widows, and the coming of age of their children. Then the legislation of Congress made a change. The arrears act alone added an ultimate liability variously estimated in official documents at between $251,000,000 and $521,000,000, and not yet determined

As years roll on, the fruits of this legislation become apparent. Although the number of names dropped off from the list since 1865, from death and other causes, must be reckoned in hundreds of thousands, the names added more than counterbalance them. Last year, for example, as Gen. Black's report shows, 15,253 names were dropped, but 35,768 new ones were added, besides many reinstatements. Looking through successive annual reports of the Pension Office, we find that, while the aggregate roll numbered 268,830 pensioners in 1881, 285,695 pensioners in 1882, 303,658 pensioners in 1783, and 322,756 pensioners in 1884, it had reached 345,125 for the year ending June 30, 1885. This is an addition of nearly thirty per cent. in four years. Again, we find the aggregate value of pensions, which was $28,769,967 four years ago, increased year by year until it is now $38,090 985. Even this great outlay does not represent all the country pays, since every year it gives many millions for arrears of pensions, and the total outlay last year was thus brought up to nearly sixty-five millions. For the past two years it has averaged over sixty millions.

Yet we have not reached the maximum of annual pension liability. Official calculations have shown that, even on the basis of present legislation, the roll of pensioners will be increased over natural diminutions to between 425,000 and 500,00 and the annual costs of pensions, exclusive of outright payments for arrears, to between $44,000,000 and $500,000,00. Before the year 1890 the amount laid out on pensions since 1861 will be more than a billion dollars.

Nevertheless schemes are rife for enormously increasing the pension burdens of the Treasury. Some of them involve amounts so prodigious that their projectors hardly venture into accurate calculations of what they will cost. The Mexican War Pension bill, which itself would entail vast expenses, was saddled with amendments when discussed in the last Congress, that would have swamped the Treasury. One of the proposals which will again be urged upon Congress is that of pensioning to an extent depending on length of service all soldiers who fought in the Union armies. Several bills aim at this result, one of them giving to any surviving soldier or sailor, sick or well, rich or poor, $8 a month for the rest of his life. Another bill gives, in addition, 160 acres of land to each man. Still another bill gives graded pensions to all who were captured and confined in Confederate prisons, even where no disability resulted. Others provided for very large increases of existing pensions.

With the pension outlays now amounting annually to more than sixty millions, and certain to increase during many years, it is the part of prudence to reject schemes that propose to add enormous and indeed unknown liabilities to the burdens already resting on the Treasury.

It is is a good suggestion made by the *Courier-Journal* that the Constitution should be amended so that on the death of the Vice President the Secretary of State or other member of the cabinet shall assume the duties of Acting President until the Electoral College can assemble and designate a successor of the late President. For this purpose the Electoral College will continue in existence until the next Presidential election following its creation, with the power that it already has of filling vacancies. Assuredly no one would complain if it were the law to-day that in the event of President Cleveland's death his successor should not be taken from a party in the Senate hostile to his adminis ration, but should be named by the same electors who chose Mr. Cleveland President, and who were authorized by the people to represent them in that act. This would secure the continuance in power for the full term which it was elected to serve, or at least until another election, of the political party instructed by the people with the admin stration of the Governmen , and throughout their own representatives, delegated for that purpose.

Congress met on Tuesday.

The Republican caucus nominated Logan for President of the Senate, which he declined.

There was no opposition to the re-election of Carlisle as speaker of the House.

Fixing the presidential succession is likely to be one of the principal measures that this congress will act upon.

THE SUCCESSION.

Probably the first bill that will be acted on by Congress after it meets, will be a law providing for the succession to the Presidency A bill by Senator Hoar on this subject was passed by the Senate last session, and reported with amendments in the House, but not acted on. In case of the death, disability, removal or resignation of both the President and the Vice President, it vests the succession in the members of the cabinet in the following order: Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney General, Postmaster General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior. As passed by the Senate, the bill provided that the Secretary of State or other minister succeeding to the office should discharge the duties of President during the rest of the unexpired term. As amended in the House it provides that such successor shall hold the office until the end of the unexpired term if such tenure does not exceed a year. But if more than twelve months of the unexpired term remains then provision is made for holding a special election for electors to choose a President and Vice President. The new President to be chosen, not for four years, but for the rest of the unexpired term, and until he assumes the duties of the office the cabinet minister who has succeeded is to act as President.

With the succession vested in the cabinet there will always be a successor in line and he will be of the same party having possession of the administration. There will be neither a failure of succession nor a transfer of political control.

A number of journals are giving their opinions as to what Cleveland should have done as regards Hendricks' funeral, attend or not a tend. Some think he should have gone to Indianapolis to prove to kingdoms and empires of the old world that a President of the great American republic can travel without danger of harm. Other journals contend that he did right in not going so that the nation stood in no jeopardy of having its chief magistrate assassinated en route

Immediately after the close of the war Sergeant Bates sought notoriety by carrying the American flag on foot through England, to show what protection our banner was to one of its subjects even in a foreign land. If the Sargeant had received an application of sole leather at different stages of his tramp over Victoria's soil by an enraged Brittisher, the world, including America, would have laughed at the Sargeant for his bragging foolishness. Now if Sargeant Bates could do that in England without causing a ripple in a little or big son of John Bull, why could not President Cleveland travel from Washington to Indianapolis without receiving any thing but friendly greetings unless stayed by the solemnity of the occasion?

We venture to say that Mr. Cleveland, if he sought a fool s notoriety, could start on foot from the national capital to Indianapolis, all alone, and not be molested, even if he did not carry the stars and stripes, or use a 'kerchief with the red, white and blue on it.

America is not a nation of assassins, nor a country of fools, except when it takes an occasional freak to put the Republicans in power.

Still the REPORTER fails to see why grave journals load down their columns with leaders on so uninteresting a topic.

Dr. Worall, a prominent physician of Lewistown, died in 1877, leaving his only son Clarence real estate in that town and in Philadelphia worth $70,000, and to Miss Mamie A. Bailey, a domestic reared and educated in his family, $5,000. Clarence displayed striking genius in painting, but had little ambition and was in morbid fear of death. In 1879 he was stricken seriously ill, but eventually recovered. Being apprehensive of sudden death, he provided for his nurse, Miss Bailey, by making over to her a deed for his property, to be recorded only in case of his death. During the summer Miss Leonora Montague, a young cousin from Philadelphia, came to Lewistown. The cousins were constantly in each other's society, and young Worall fell in love with Miss Montague. He pursued his artistic studies on figures, and she served as a model. He eventually married her and went to Philadelphia. This event blighted the monetary prospects of Miss Bailey, so she had the deed in her possession secretly recorded. Clarence brought suit before Judge Bucher in March last, and His Honor decided in his favor, but the case was carried to the Supreme Court, where the ruling of the court below was reversed A modification of the decree of the Supreme Court has just been made, however, by which it is ordered that the time for the delivery of the deed be extended until final decree upon the account, on the condition that Miss Bailey permit the plaintiff to collect all rents unpaid by the tenants.

John I. Mitchell, of Tioga county, is a United States Senator from Pennsylvania. John H Mitchell, the new Senator from Oregon, was also a native of Tioga county, Pa.

War clouds are again hovering over the Balkans. The Sultan has issued a manifesto to the inhabitants of Eastern Roumelia stating that the Commissioners will rule there until a new Governor is appointed, but the authorities of Philippopolis refuse to recognize them other than as private individuals. Troops and military stores are being hurried forward to the Roumelian frontier and it is announced in Constantinople that the Porte to-day gave notice to the members of the Balkan Conference of impending military action on the part of Turkey in Eastern Roumelia. Subsequently a council of prominent Turkish generals was held and they advised a permanent occupation of the Balkans by Turkey, fearing that Russia would absorb Bulgaria and that Austria will do the same with Servia. Turkish troops are now reported to be entering Eastern Roumelia, the men wearing the Bulgarian head-gear instead of the Turkish fez. It is difficult to account for this sudden change, if it has been made, in the uniform of the Turkish soldiery, the fez having been a distinctive dress for the Turk for hundreds of years. True, the fez makes a good target, but even this reason would not seem sufficient for such a radical change.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, Dec. 6—One hundred and seventy-eight out of the 184 Democratic Representives met at the capitol last night, and after choosing J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, Chairman, and Messrs. Breach and Breckenridge Secretaries, selected the officers of the House during the Forty-Ninth Congress as follows:

Speaker, John G. Carlisle, Kentucky.
Clerk, John B. Clark, Jr., Missouri.
Sergeant-at-Arms, J. P. Leedom, Ohio.
Doorkeeper, Samuel Donelson, Tenn.
Postmaster, Lycurgus Dalton, Indiana.
Chaplain, Wm. H. Milburn, Illinois.

Mr Carlisle was nominated unanimously and by acclamation, his name being presented by Mr. Willis and Mr. Randall. Messrs. Willis, Randall and Hewitt were sent to notify him, and when he appeared on the floor he was greeted with great applause.

Reed, of Maine, is the Republican nominee for speaker.

The Republican senate caucus nominated John Sherman for president of the senate, and his election followed when the senate met, in which body his party has four majority. Senator Harris, of Tennessee, was the Democratic candidate.

A little scatteration of Bellefonte journals might be a wholesome thing; for example, to philosophize over it: The *Watchman* might go to Pine Grove Mills to peter out. The *Centre Democrat* might make its last will and testament at Show Shoe; the *Fountain* might gush its last gush at Haag's, while the *Gazette* to burst its bile at Horntown, and the *Republican* kicking the bucket at Oak Hall and the *Daily News* go under at Roopsburg. This would leave Bellefonte without a paper, 'tis true, but the REPORTER having a large circulation there would let that town prperly cared for.

The Virginia Democrats have chosen John W. Daniel as Mahone's successor in the U S. Senate.

DEATH OF VANDERBILT.

William H. Vanderbilt, the great railroad king, died of heart disease on Tuesday.

A TESTAMENT CHARACTERISTIC OF THE MAN.

Indianapolis, Dec. 3.—The will of the late Vice President Thomas A. Hendricks was probated this afternoon It is in Hendricks' writing and the paper is yellow with age. It reads as follows:

I, Thomas A. Hendricks, of Marion county, Indiana, do make this last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills by me at any time heretofore made. I give, bequeath and devise to my beloved wife, Eliza C. Hendricks, all my personal and real property of every description whatsoever and wherever located. Also all my rights, claims, choses in action, and in fee simple to have and to hold the same to her and her heirs. In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand. And if agreeable to her, I desire that she shall be executrix thereof.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

Signed and delivered in our presence and attested to by us in the presence of the testator and in the presence of each other at his request

WINSLOW S. PIERCE,
August 8, 1886. J. H. MCKERNAN.

SEVENTEEN PRISONERS ESCAPE

Beaver, Pa., Dec. 4.—About o'clock this morning seventeen of the prisoners in the Beaver county jail sawed their way into the jail yard, scaled the wall and escaped Tom Rankin, one of the most notorious criminals in the state, did the sawing, assisted by Lent Hashbaugh. Rankin is wanted for numerous burglaries in this state and Ohio and has escaped from several of the strongest jails in the country. J. B Ewing, a United States prisoner, stood by watching the others escape, but made no effort to get away This is the second delivery from the jail within a month.

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Col. Ingersoll visited Washington the other week for the purpose of winding up his affairs there. He went there in 1878 and has always spent his winters in Washington since. I met him on Pennsylvania avenue the other morning and got him to talk politics for a few minutes He is out of politics now and does not care to talk much upon this subject. What he did say, however, was interesting He said that the only advantage that he could see for the Republican party in the late election in New York was the fact that the Mugwumps had to stand up and be counted. When counted the line was found to be very short at both ends. The Colonel said that the Republican party in their past fear of the Mugwumps were like the terrified boy who had lain awake all night shuddering with terror at the sight of a ghost standing over his bed. But when daylight came the ghost was his shirt. He believes that the Republican party has gone out of power for a long time. He says that the only thing that can help them is a new conscience.

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I asked him what he thought was the downfall of the Republican party. He said it had gone to pieces on account of its loss of honesty and morality. He said the attempt to make the Southern issue prominent now since the party had gone out of power was a great blunder. It was too late for that sort of thing The Republican party had its opportunity for over twenty years to settle what they pleased to call the Southern question. The trouble was that they had never been honest in their standing up for the negro in the South. Grant laughed when Ames was driven out of Mississippi, and Hayes and his crowd traded off the very last rig of the claims of the Republican party in the South to obtain national power. The party had lost its old strength, and until it regained something of that sort it could never hope to succeed The party, too, had been cowardly on the Chinese question. "Why," said the Colonel, "when Hunt was Minister to Russia he sent a letter to Arthur telling of the prosecutions of the Hebrews in Russia. He urged upon him the importance of his using his good offices with the Russian Government to protect them from such revolting cruelties as were practiced upon them. Arthur said that he would ask them in an unofficial way to interfere but he did not dare to ask them officially for fear they would turn about and ask us why we did not protect the Chinese in this country before looking abroad for oppressions to correct." The Colonel then wound up his post-mortem examination of the Republican party by saying: "The Samson of the Republican party has been in the toils of the Delilah of policy, and as a necessary consequence has been shorn of his strength and has gone down to ruin" I asked the Colonel if he thought Blaine would ever be a candidate again. "Oh, guess not," said he. "I should not think he would want it. I could hardly imagine his wanting to go through with another fight of the kind he had last year" The Colonel said that he took very little interest in this administration, but what he knew of it pleased him He has a special admiration for Secretary Lamar. He thinks that he has one of the greatest brains of any man in the Cabinet and one of the fairest and most liberal of minds

AN EARTHQUAKE DESTROYS A TOWN.

Algiers, Dec. 4.—An earthquake has thrown down many houses at Mascara, Boldah and Medeah, and destroyed three-quartars of the town of Msila Thirty two persons were killed and twelve others were injured

SIXTEEN COWS BURNED.

Charleston, W. Va., Dec. 5—Last night the large dairy stables of Thos O'Conor were destroyed by fire. There were 25 cows in the stable and 16 were roasted alive.

The domestic felicity of Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks was proverbial in Indiana. At a wedding ceremony in Shelbyville three years ago the officiating clergyman, after shaking hands with the newly married couple, gave them his benediction in these words: "May you always be as happy as Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks are."

The first wife of Senator Hipple-Mitchell, who lives at Oil City, Pa., earns her bread and board by daily toil on the washboard.

FINGER RINGS.

While there is a touch of barbarism in wearing rings on the fingers, yet the civilized hand has so long been adorned by them, that it would look plain and unfinished without its hoops of gold. The ancient Romans wore the ring on the joint just under the nail. The Hebrews wore it on the right hand alone. The Greeks wore their rings on the forth finger of the left hand, the Gauls and Britons on the third finger of the left hand. In Pliny's time the betrothal ring was an iron hoop, set with a lodestone instead of a gem. The Romans were even greater slaves to fashion than we of the present day. They had winter and summer rings, the weight and color of the ring being adapted to the season. The Greeks wore weekly rings, which were charms, and were always cameos and intaglios. Tailsmanic rings were also in use among the Romans. Seal rings were heirlooms, and of great value in business transactions The wedding ring is of great antiquity. It is a common thing to find wives who have been married a lifetime, yet never had allowed the wedding ring to slip over the finger joint. It is considered unlucky to take it off. To lose it indicates a misfortune.

AUSTRALIAN CORROBORREE.

The music was of the very roughest description, but it answered its purpose, and wildly excited both listeners and dancers. A monotonous *corroborree* song was sung by all the women in chorus, to which they kept perfect time by beating two sticks together, and by drumming violently on opossum and kangaroo skins tightly stretched across their open knees. The only variation in the music was the speed at which it was reduced; it was gradually increased from a very slow time up to a wild, mad swiftness. The dance was just as monotonous as the music, and I soon became thoroughly sick of it, but the Nurrurn men sat watching it for hours with a perfectly motionless intentness which showed their keen interest. Both song and dance were new, and the Mangoans were teaching it to the Nurrurus, who had to use their very best powers in acquiring a knowledge of it, for learning anything new, however short and simple, is a severe mental exercise for the untrained mind of an Australian *nigali*. The music began shortly after the little passage of arms over us had taken place. At first it was slow and feeble. Suddenly out of the great gloom beyond the light of the fires a wild figure leaped into view; so hideous was it, and so startling the almost magical way it came into sight, that I gave a little unconscious movement of surprise, at which Berrill, the nerveless brute, laughed, and told me not to be frightened. The dancer was painted to represent a skeleton, with white lines down his legs and arms and white stripes that follows the curved of his ribs. His long black hair was tied up in a tangled mop at the top of his head, in which white feathers were sticking, and in his hands he held his boomerang and *nullah-nullah*. His black body hardly showed against the night-dark background, but the flickering fire light threw these death-like lines into brilliant relief. This first dancer took his place, and was swiftly and silently followed by others, painted in exactly the same manner as himself, till about thirty men were taking part in the mystic dance. The position of the men was the same; their arms, bent at the elbows, were raised above their heads till the weapons they held crossed one another; the head was slightly inclined to one shoulder, and the fierce gaze of their wild black eyes was firmly fixed in one direction. Their legs were wide apart and bent at the knees, and this position they never changed, as they jumped from the feet and hips only.

BREAKING OF A CONTRACT.

Ordinarily the damages which a buyer can recover against the seller, when the latter breaks his contract and fails to give a deed as agreed, will be the amount that the buyer has paid on account, the lawful interest, and probably, I may say certainly, his fair expenses that he has paid for examining the title; this is where the seller has been guilty of no fraud, but the contract was made in good faith, and he has been unable to perform. If, however, the seller has been guilty of fraud, or absolutely refuses to give a deed when he can, or has undertaken to sell when he knew that he had no authority to make the contract, or if when he might remedy a defect in his title he refuses to do so, he can be made to pay the buyer damages for the loss of the bargain, and the proper measure of such damages is the value of the property at the time he broke the contract. If the seller, believing that he had the right to sell, should make the contract in good faith and then discover a fault in his title before he has received any of the purchase money, no damages could be recovered from him for refusing to give the deed.

If after you take the contract and before you get the deed you employ and pay an architect to make plans for a building to be erected on the premises and the contract is broken and you do not get your deed, you cannot include in your damages the expense incurred for the architect's plan; the contract does not contemplate that the purchaser should prepare to build as if he were the owner before he becomes owner; it leaves him, until its promised performance, without the title or power or interests of owner. The expense therefore is not within the contemplation of the parties, nor is it an ordinary or anticipated consequence of the making of the contract.

PROPER POSITION OF THE EARS

A wiseacre says: "The ears should be so placed as not to be higher than the eyebrow, or lower than the tip of the nose." People should remember this, and insist upon having their ears in exactly the right position; and those who have been wearing their auricularifications out of the proper location for years, should no longer delay in having them shifted into the ideal place.

Stealing Dimples.

I was going to kiss the dimples from out the little cheeks.
Where they ripple and they dance every time she laughs or speaks:
She said I shouldn't do it, but I held her fast and tight,
And kissed and kissed the rosy little face with all my might.

And then a pair of eyes twinkled very gravely out.
And a pair of little lips gathered up a doleful pout.
With little drooping corners—no wonder, you will say,
To see such bonny, bonny dimples stolen all away.

I thought I should have kept them for just a little while;
But little teeth were soon peeping through a little smile,
And then a laugh like sunshine was over all her face,
And every dimple I have stolen was back again in place.

HER DISCRETION

At last, after an enormous expenditure of time, trouble, taste and money, after weeks of wearying research amongst all the known and unknown haunts of old oak and Chippendale, china, glass and bric-a-brac generally, Mr. Collington's comfortable house on Haverstock Hill was completely furnished, and ready for the reception of his bride.

His bride, like his furniture and decorations, had been chosen on the purest principles of taste. She was young; she was innocent; she was quite as well educated as she had occasion to be. She was discretion itself as regarded her manner of deporting herself.

Her husband, rightly enough, esteemed himself the more highly since he had made the discovery that she esteemed him highly enough to come to him for better or worse. Hitherto his best affection had been given to the antique; now a youthful modern held his whole heart in the hollow of her pretty little hand. Of yore, when the former Mrs. Collington—the wife of his youth—had approached his cabinets full of fragile Venetian glass and priceless Sevres, he had with difficulty refrained from the utterance of a snarling caution to her not to shake these treasures into bits with her heavy tread. Now he pictured with pleasure the delicate hands of his young wife wandering at their own sweet will about the exquisite pieces of crystal and porcelain that seemed specially made to be handled by them.

The new Mrs. Collington was a highly-bred girl, the daughter of a gentleman who was entitled to the prefix of "Honorable" to his name. Her uncle—her father's only brother—was a viscount, with vast estates. But her father was poorer than her uncle's chief cook, and the little money he had he spent on the being he loved best in the world—himself, namely—leaving his wife and children to struggle on as best they could on the crumbs that fell from the rich brother's table.

Many outsiders took it for granted that these crumbs must fall very naturally and continually in the direction of the Hon. James Fellowes' family for they were quartered in a small house in the midst of wildly lovely and luxuriant gardens, not a hundred yards from the entrance gates of one of Lord Holdare's oldest and grandest family mansions. But Lord Holdare knew better than anyone else that while the Hon. James knew that anyone else would maintain his wife and daughters, he would make no effort to do so himself. Accordingly he kept a tight hand upon the crumbs and dealt them out sparingly.

Thus it had been that the present Mrs. Collington's had been a life of sharp and humiliating contrasts. Ragged carpets and rough fare at home, and every luxury to which her birth entitled her to when at her uncle's; accustomed to spend many a fair June morning out in the burning sun picking peas and strawberries to send to market, and now and again sitting down to dinner at her uncle's table with dukes and duchesses, and the crest of her race on gold plate around her in every direction.

It has been said that she was quite as well educated as she had occasion to be. She had never been conscious of any deficiency either while picking peas or dining with duchesses. She could talk very well about flowers and horses and dogs. She was unsurpassed in her district at lawn-tennis. She knew that china and silver that had been in a noble family for many generations was very valuable—"on account of the noble family," she supposed. Beyond these things she knew little, but she always looked beautiful and aristocratic, talked well, and was expected by her noble relatives to make a great match.

If the Holdares had boen unblessed with four daughters of their own, they would have given their young niece the chance of a season or two in town. As it was, when they should all be fairly settled, Lord and Lady Holdare determined "to give James' girl a chance."

But in the meantime, James' girl grew tired of picking the flowers and fruit and vegetables which her father cultivated for sale. So chancing to meet Mr. Collington, who was out for his autumn holiday, and finding from the friend at whose house she met him that he was rich and admired her, she brought her life of alternate bitterness and brilliancy to a termination by agreeing to marry him.

Mr. Collington was a gentleman, and the Fellowes' family felt themselves bound to be perfectly satisfied with the match that would release their eldest daughter from the bondage of the mixture of proud position and penury in which she had stiflingly existed hitherto. At the same time, though he, his family, and manners were unexceptionable, the Honorable James felt that they would have liked it better if his money had been made by means of something more interesting than food for cattle. They were none of them scientific, and so the subject of the ingredients that went to make up the composition known as "Collington's Fattening Food" held no charm for them. However, the man who made it being worth his weight in gold, they swallowed the fattening food, and gave him their daughter.

He had said nothing to her previous to their marriage relative to the artistic decorations and furniture of his house. Sordid as her home surroundings were, muddled, shabby, and ugly as was the appearance of all the rooms, they appealed to his delicacy not to enlarge on the widely different ones which were awaiting her in her married home. He felt sure that she would appreciate it all, for he had that reliance on his own taste which only a well-cultured taste can give. And his wife, with her refined beauty, and the traditions of her old race about her, would, he knew, regard Gibbons' rich carving with reverence, and find, as he did, that old Venetian wine-glasses turned the wine that was poured into them into nectar.

Before their honeymoon was over Mr. Collington discovered that his wife, light-hearted and happy as she appeared to be, was very reticent of giving her opinion—the fact being that she was oppressed into silence by the discovery of her husband's wide and deep knowledge of all branches of art. She would stand dumb before a bronze, or a statue, or picture, leading him to suppose that she was rapt in an ecstasy of admiration and appreciation too deep for words, while in reality she was only silent because she was dubious as to what it would be well for her to say.

"She looks at all things beautiful with the eye of an artist, and her feelings are too deep for words," he told himself, and hugged the secret of the beautiful home he had prepared for her closer than ever to his heart, till the moment should arrive when he should display it before her eyes.

"Yes, undoubtedly she was very reticent of her opinion, but an extract from a letter she wrote to her mother during the honeymoon will show that there was method in her reticence:

"Mr. Collington is quite as kind and nice as we thought he would be, and I should be very happy if he didn't always look as if he expected me to say something definite about things we're looking at, and I have nothing definite to say. He hasn't much taste, prefers old rubbish to pretty new things! But that's from habit, I believe, for he has shown me a likeness of his first wife, and she was a very dowdyish-looking person, just the kind of person who would prefer a hard-backed oak settee to a comfortably padded chair. But Mr. Collington is very liberal, and I know I shall be allowed to furnish the house as I please."

Poor, unconscious Mr. Collington! All the time he was picturing to himself the expression of delighted surprise which would flit over her face when he introduced her to the artistically sombre splendor of the home he had prepared for her she was educating herself for the task of furnishing by studying suits in gold and gorgeousness in the shop-windows of Paris.

Unfortunately it fell out that, on the eve of their departure from Paris for home, a telegram reached Mr. Collington from his London Manager, entreating him, Mr. Collington in the vital interests of the firm, to proceed, without delay, to Russia, where the Government were almost ready to give the "Collington Company" the contract for supplying their fattening food to the horses of the imperial army. It was a golden opportunity that even the rich Mr. Collington could not venture to throw away.

He made up his mind promptly to go at once to St. Petersburg, but he shrank from the thought of the hasty, long journey for his young wife. It was impossible to take her with him. It was equally impossible to leave her in Paris. He had but one alternative. She must go home alone, and he must resign himself to missing the sight of her pretty pleasure and refined delight at sight of the harmonious combinations of antique form and color which he had arranged for her.

He took a tender leave of her feeling no qualms on her account, for he had full reliance on the probity and discretion of the mature maid he had engaged to attend upon her. At parting he said quite cheerfully:

"I should liked to have been with you to show you the old shop on your first introduction to it, but I've no doubt you'll find everything tolerably comfortrble. Nothing magnificent, you know—no crimson velvet and ormolu, and acres of gilt frame, and extensive lakes of looking-glass, but comfortable and quiet; just what I think you'll like—eh?"

She smiled an amiable assent.

"Yes, yes," he went on, highly delighted with his own little joke of underrating his artistic furniture, and misleading her about it; "yes, yes. If it's not to your taste," he chuckled at the exquisite humor of this idea, "get rid of what you don't like, and supply the vacuum."

"How very good you are!" she said, smiling sweetly, but unemotionally; and then they said, and he thought no more of the matter.

Six weeks had passed. Mr. Collington's negotiations with the Russian Government, after detaining him far longer than he liked, ended in nothing more remunerative than a compliment from the Government agent on the quality of the food.

He bore the disappointment manfully, and even cheerfully, and turned joyful eyes into the almost immediate future which should see him united to his beautiful wife, re-established in his more beautiful home.

While he was thus blithesomely steaming toward her, Mrs. Collington was even more blithesomely preparing for his return. At last—so she resolved—he should have a home furnished in a manner befitting his worthy merits and wealth. It almost seemed to her that Providence must have specially informed the Russian Government that Mr. Collington's house needed reorganizing, and that she, the proper person to reorganize it, could do it better in his absence.

There was still a good deal of daylight in the sky when he drew up at the high, massive iron gates which gave admission into the grounds. He stared, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. The somber iron gates were picked out in blue and gold, and in their horrible unfamiliarity they seemed to tell him that all within them was as altered as themselves.

The first glimpse into the hall made him distrust his identity or sanity. The grand old carved chairs or buffets, the shields and goblets, in search of which he had scoured Milan; the old mirrors, with their roughly-wrought, richly-lined glass frames, had one and all given place to pale, modern oak, conventional "hall furniture" of the most ordinary type. Plate-glass brightly reflected Mrs. Collington's sunshades and garden hats, as these articles hung on the umbrella stand, and a red Bohemian glass bowl, that had "Brummagem" visibly stamped on it to the educated eye, replaced the bronze salver in high relief, as a receptacle.

He did not say "Alas!" or "Woe is me!" nor did he denounce the taste as "accursed" which had so demoralized his home. "She was young and very, very fair," he reminded himself, and he "could speedily withdraw" his antique treasures from the spare rooms to which she had doubtless relegated them. But, in the meantime, it was hard to witness the transformation or deformation of the rooms he had "treated" as an artist does his pictures.

Presently she came in from her drive, and greeted him with such affectionate effusion that he almost forgot the furniture. What a happy fellow he felt himself, to be sure! His young wife sparkled into brighter beauty as she bounded forward to welcome him. No cloud could ever come between them, and how lovely she would look amidst the old furniture, when he had restored it to its proper places, and had done away with every vistige of the ebonised and ormolu abominations which were now giving him blows in the eye at every turn!

After a minute or two, which she spent in rapturously recording what she had been doing in his absence, she taxed his truthfulness and tact severely.

"Are you not glad to see all these lovely things in place of the dingy old rubbish I found when I came home?" she asked, with a pretty air of deprecating too much praise from him for all the trouble she had obviously taken.

"They are very rare and beautiful," he replied, hesitatingly. "We must gradually reintroduce them into their proper places in these rooms, and the beautiful interiors will grow into fresh beauty under your graceful hands and artistic supervision."

"What do you mean?" she asked, throwing eyes of beaming astonishment full upon his fast-falling visage.

"I mean you will—we will—soon have my priceless treasures, which you have secreted in some 'upper chambers' in a freak, back in their proper places, my love," he answered, nervously.

A ghastly suspicion was creeping slowly but surely into his mind. He crushed it for a moment.

In that moment she came to the conclusion that mistakes had been made on both sides. He had, evidently, misguidedly supposed that she would be contented with the furniture that had been good enough for his first wife, while she had labored under the erroneous idea that so fatuous an old fogy would feel obliged to her for renovating and redecorating the dominion over which he had requested her to reign.

"Your rooms full of rubbish are beyond your recall, Mr. Collington. I advertised a houseful of old fashioned furniture for sale, and dealers came in from every direction. They gave me next to nothing for it, naturally, but I was glad to let it go, I don't know where, for any price."

"Gone—irrecoverably gone?"

"Yes," she said rather haughtily, feeling that her efforts were not meeting with half the recognition they deserved.

"And with them my ambition of being noted for the finest collection of antique artistic furniture in the north of London?" he muttered, making a mighty effort to bear the blow with fortitude.

But Mrs. Collington failed to perceive the effort, and resented the want of appreciation which marked his manner of receiving the tiding of the changes she had so successfully carried out during his absence. Consequently she retired to her own room in dudgeon, and made a point of not speaking to her husband when social exigencies rendered it imperative that she should emerge from it.

Her relations say that the impending legal separation between them is entirely due to the fattening food—that loathsome source of his wealth, which had obliged him to leave his wife so soon after the wedding.

On Top of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Safford just returned from Colorado met with some interesting experience on the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Safford arrived at Mineral Point, Colorado, about August 1, and came away about October 20. Mineral Point is 11,500 feet above tide-water, and is surrounded by mountains. It is above the timber line, though there are mountains around it, the tops of which are covered with perpetual snow. It is six miles from Uray, and 14 miles from a railroad station. Uray is near the foot of the mountain, and, in going that six miles, the difference in the altitude is 5,000 feet. Mineral Point is snowed in from the latter part of October until the next August. The snow is so deep on the roadway or trail, between Mineral Point and places at the foot of the mountain during that time, that the only mode of traveling is with snow shoes. The horses are all taken down the mountain in October, because it is impossible to transport sufficient forage to keep them during the winter. Mr. Safford tried a pair of snow shoes himself, and though he had a great many tumbles, he got so he could shuffle them along, though not by any means in a skilful manner. These snow shoes are 12 feet in length, and very wide. Those who travel with them, simply slide them over the loose snow, and they always take the loose snow in preference to the crust, because they can guide themselves so much better. They use a long pole to steer and regulate their speed. In going down the mountains they put the pole between their legs, and by dragging the end check the speed when they wish, and at the same time use it as a rudder to steer the craft. Mr. Safford says they run down the moutains like lightning, and steer clear of the boulders and trees with surprising expertness. In the winter time, or, rather, during the months before mentioned, the mail is all carried by couriers on snow shoes, and they also act as messengers, though it is not an easy way to carry supplies. A sufficient quantity of food is laid in before the snow storms block the travel to last through the nine months. Mr. Safford said that in traveling along a steep cliff he looked down into a deep gulf 1,500 feet in depth. It was at a place called "Going over the Range," on Engineer Mountain. In this gulf the snow never melts. Four cattle fell over the slide several years ago, and they lie there still, frozen stiff. The persons who remain during the winter at Mineral Point are only a few miners. All of the others go to the foot of the mountain, where there is no more civilization. Mr. Safford says during August and September there is a great deal of traveling on horsekack. The horseback riders wear high boots or leggings, similar to those Dr. VanSlyke wears when he takes an airing on his big sorrel. Mr. Safford says the air is very light on the top of this mountain, so that using any extra exertion is very tiresome. That a person can walk on the level ground readily, but to go up the least incline takes the wind out of one. The air is not heavy enough to sustain a person. Some days the mountain is wrapped in clouds, then it is cold and damp, disagreeable and very hard to get one's breath. When the weather is clear, however, it is perfection. The sun shines brightly, and not a cloud can be seen, and the moonlight nights are wondrously beautiful. It was about two-thirds of the time fine weather while he was there. The air is so clear that distances are very deceptive. Mr. Safford, for instance, saw a point he thought was half a mile away, and a short walk, and was quite surprised when told it was seven miles distant. On the mountain is a lake with two outlets. From one end of the lake the water goes rushing down the westerly side of the mountain and finally empties into the Pacific Ocean. From the other end it pours down the easterly side, whirling onward to the Gulf of Mexico. When Mr. Safford came away, October 20, the thermometer was one degree above zero, and there was 10 inches of snow on the level.

THE DARK CONTINENT.

A Man's Wanderings for Two Years Among Fierce Tribes.

Mr. Kerr, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, went to South Africa nearly two years ago for his health. He is an Englishman less than thirty years of age, became a member of the Stock Exchange in 1882, is a lover of hunting, and expected to find great sport in the game regions of South Africa. His achievements, however, have been rather those of an explorer than of a sportsman. He has made an extensive trip northward to Central Africa, during which he journeyed among tribes notorious for their power and fierceness, who have seldom been visited by white men. He employed a lot of blacks as porters and attendants, and first made his way north to Matabeleland, which is inhabited by Zulus, who left their country in a body many years ago, drove the inhabitants out of Matabeleland, and have since been the terror of the surrounding tribes. Within the past three years a few Roman Catholic missionaries have been permitted by Lobengula, their powerful chief, to settle in the country, and they are the only white men there.

Mr. Kerr found Lobengula to be intellectually far above his people, who hold him in great awe. Last summer, after Mr. Kerr left Matabeleland, Lobengula took his 6,000 warriors on the warpath again. Their fear of this savage chief was one of the reasons that induced the chiefs of Bechuanaland, further west, a few months ago to accept the proffered British protectorate.

Mr. Kerr went on toward the Zambesi, traveling far east of the route usually followed by white travelers. He found a great deal of game and had much sport, though he was among tribes who were little acquainted with white men, and it was uncertain from day to day how the next tribe would receive him. One night he learned from a woman that on the following night his entire party was to be killed. He struck camp and made a forced march for forty miles. Two or three times his porters deserted him, and he had to obtain a new supply from friendly tribes. He crossed the Zambesi and pushed north through a country that had not previously been visited by a white man. At last he came to the territory of the famous Mangones, on the great plateau west of Lake Nyassa.

This tribe whom Livingstone and several other explorers described, have desolated a large part of East Africa. They, like the Matabeles, are emigrants from Zululand. They travel several hundreds of miles on slave raids and cattle stealing expeditions. Many mountains east of Nyassa are dotted with the huts of natives, who have left the valleys to escape the Mangone raids. Mr. Kerr confirms what the *Sun* has reported about the revival of the slave trade on the east coast. He says it was no uncommon sight to see in the Mangene villages slave gangs sitting in yokes ready for the completion of the caravan with which they were to proceed to the coast. They had been bought by Arab dealers from the Mangones.

Mr. Kerr then went east to the foot of Lake Nyassa, where he saw the ruins of Livingstonia, the pretty mission town, which was so unhealthful that it was deserted two years ago by the missionaries, who are now prospering at Bandawe, a salubrious place one hundred miles north. Here Mr. Kerr's last lot of porters deserted him, and left him with little food and no means of getting assistance. He was reduced to great straits when, sixteen days after he reached the lake, the little missionary steamboat that plies on Lake Nyassa arrived with M. Giraud, the French explorer, who was homeward bound. Mr. Kerr joined the young ensign. They had splendid sport floating down the Shire river to the sea, such big game as elephants, buffalo, hippopotami, and many kinds of antelope falling to their rifles.

From Quillimane Mr. Kerr returned to Cape Town. In all his wanderings, lasting over a year, he did not have a touch of fever until he reached Quillimane, one of the most unhealthful spots on the East Coast.

Mr. Kerr brought with him gold dust and gold-bearing quartz from the region south of the Zambesi, where the Portuguese mined extensively two centuries ago. He also found coal of good quality north of the Zambesi. He will soon publish a report and map of his travels.

Finland Dwellings.

Houses in Finland are built by first raising a substantial foundation of stone several feet above the ground. Upon this beams are piled one above the other, dovetailed at the corners, and packed with moss and other good non-conducting material, and firmly fastened to each other by wooden pegs so as to make up the walls. Deals are laid on the outside of these walls, and they are carved, painted and otherwise adorned, according to the wealth and fancy of the owner. Houses thus constructed are very warm. The Czar and Czarina slept in one of them on their recent visit to Finland.

SOUTH AMERICAN COWBOYS.

A Howling Savage Who Puts the Texas Bull-Whacker to Shame.

The guacho (pronounced gou-cho) is the cowboy of Argentine and Uruguay, a reckless dare-devil, regardless alike of God and man, peaceable when sober, but a howling savage when drunk. As brave as a lion, as active as a panther, with endurance equal to any test, faithful to his friends, but as implacable as fate to his enemies, living the year round with no roof but the azure sky, no bed but the ground, no pillow but the saddle, and no shelter but the poncho. He loves nothing but his horse, and the word fear is not in his vocabulary. His speech is a mixture of Spanish and the Gaurain, or native Indian dialect; his costume is a poncho, a pair of buckskin breeches, high boots and silver spurs that weigh a pound or two each. His saddle, his bridle and his breeches are loaded with silver, representing the accumulated earnings of his life, and when he wants to buy a horse or a sombrero he pulls off a button or two, for among the race silver ornaments are legal tender. Half-savage, half-courtier, he is as polite as he is cruel, and will make a bow like a dancing-master or kill a fellow-being with as little conscience as he would kill a wolf. He recognizes no code but the unwritten code of the cattle range, and all violations are punishable by banishment or death. Whoever offends him must fight or fly, and as the statute of limitation is not recognized by him he kills on sight enemies he has not seen for a quarter of a century. He never shoots or strikes with his fist, but uses a lasso at long range and a wicked knife that is always in his belt or his hand. A fight between gauchos always means murder, and it is the duty of him who is victorious to see that his victim is decently buried and the widow and orphans cared for. The widow, if she pleases him, becomes his wife or his mistress, and the children grow up to be gauchos under his tutelage. He is as superstitious as a Hindoo, and when he is not asleep or in the saddle he is gambling, having quaint games of chance that are known to no other race in the world.

The cowboys of the United States or the herders of Mexico would grow green with envy at the horsemanship of the gaucho and his skill with the lasso. A child among them is put in the saddle as soon as civilized boys are put in pants and when he is ten or twelve years old he will ride a tornado. A gaucho who is thrown from horseback is as much disgraced as if he had stolen a sheep, and nothing he can do will restore his standing in society. The animals they ride are splendid native horses, larger than the native Arab or the bronco of the United States, and equally fleet and tough. Fifty or sixty miles a day is considered an easy ride, and an ordinary pampa horse will make it as easy as an American horse will make ten. During the recent raid on the Patagonian Indians a gaucho courier is said to have made six hundred miles in forty-eight hours, with nine relays of horses, including stops for food, and rides of three or four hundred miles are of common occurrence. A gaucho thinks no more of such a gallop as this than an ordinary traveler does of a trip from New York to Boston.

The skill with which the gaucho uses the lasso passes credulity. At full gallop he can throw a noose of rawhide with as great accuracy as an expert rifleman will crack a glass ball. He will catch a sheep or a hog or a horse by the legs as easily as a steer by the horns. Fights with lassoes are of frequent occurrence. The duelists standing or horseback, within range, firing slip nooses at each other's heads, sparring and dodging like pugilists until one or the other is dragged out of the saddle. It is a sure enough duel; the man who is caught is often dragged with a noose around his neck behind a galloping horse until life is choked and pounded out of his body. Travellers on the pampas in the olden times were frequently treated to scenes of this sort, with gauchos standing by to see fair play; but of late the gauchos are becoming more civilized. Emigrants are crowding out upon the pampas and are leavening the lump. The word gaucho is becoming a word of reproach and, except upon the frontier, is now applied only to worthless characters, who live by stealing cattle, and corresponds to the genus "rustler" of Texas and the Western Territories of the United States.

On the frontier, however, the gaucho is still seen in his pristine glory, moving further and further out upon the pampas, trying to escape from the restrains of civilization, and resenting the inroads upon his ancient domain. Few of them acquire land, but keep their cattle upon Goverment territory, looking with contempt upon ranchmen who build houses to live in and introduce foreign breeds of stock. His domain is growing smaller annually, and a few years hence he must become domesticated or disappear. Civilization seems to sap his vitality and quench the fire of his life. A domesticated gaucho is as forlorn as an imprisoned eagle. He loses his sense of honor with his energy, and becomes a drunkard, a gambler and a thief.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and keep

PROFITABLE HOP BITTERS.

Interview with Mr. Wilson Soule on the Benefits of Newspaper Advertising.

[From the New Haven, Ct., *Sunday Union*, Oct. 18th, 1885.]

Mr. Wilson Soule, Secretary and Treasurer of the Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company, has been spending the last two days here, arranging his advertising matters, and was interviewed by a UNION reporter at Mr. H. P. Hubbard's office, as to the results and the worth of newspaper advertising. He said that for the four years previous to 1878 they spent all their money in bill posting and circulars, from which they received no profit; in fact, they got back just about half what it cost them for making the medicine and printing and distributing the circulars.

In the Spring of 1878 they placed an advertising order of $40,000 with Mr. Hubbard, using THE UNION and other first-class mediums. The results were sales of $107,000. They increased the advertising the following year to $100,000, the sales to $360,000. The next year they spent $120,000, with $480,000 sales, and the next year the expenditure was slightly increased, as also the sales. *They argue from this that nothing but simon pure newspaper advertising, judiciously and thoroughly applied is the sure road to succes.*

The Hop Bitters Company now have besides their parent house at Rochester, N. Y., manufactories at Toronto, Canada; London, England; Paris, France; Antwerp, Belgium; Breda, Holland; and Melbourne, Australia. Their sales in Europe are very satisfactory indeed, it costing a little more to manufacture there, on account of high duties, but Australia seems to be an Eldorado for them. He said that one dollar spent there brings them as much returns as $5 spent in this country. He added that the results, both in this country and abroad, had far exceeded thir most sanguine expectations.

He gave a large part of the credit to the proper and judicious placing of their advertising by Mr. Hubbard, who does all their advertising business here and abroad, saying, "we consider *results* the proper measure of a man's work." Mr. Soule is a young man about thirty, compactly built, and evidently enjoys the best of health. He and his father, Mr. Asa T. Soule, are the sole proprietors of the company. In addition to other investments they have nearly a quarter of a million dollars in an irrigating canal in Southwestern Kansas, which promises to be a perfect bonanza, from the fact that while they have a reasonably fair amount of rain, in that section of the State there seems to be a time of two or three weeks in the middle of the Summer when the farmers must have water or their entire crops will perish. The main canal is over ninety miles long, and, with its laterals, will cover several thousand square miles of country.

FACETIÆ.

IT was a Cass avenue car.

Two young ladies were standing directly in front of a morbidly eccentric man who had not once looked at them or offered them a seat. One of them stepped on his foot, which had no business to be there anyhow, and maintained her position. Then he looked at the other passengers and asked aloud

"Why am I like a character in an old nursery rhyme?"

Nobody answered, although all were dying to know.

"Because," said the eccentric man as he settled back in his ill gotten seat, "I have belles on my toes."

DUMLEY came into the dining room and, casting a sweeping glance over the table, jammed down into his chair and muttered under his breath:

"Liver again, of course. We've had liver every morning for two weeks."

"What's the matter, Mr. Dumley?" asked the landlady; "ain't you feeling well this morning?"

"No, madam," he replied, shortly, "I am suffering with the liver complaint."

MRS. MINKS—"What has become of your beautiful parrot?"

Mrs. Finks—"I sold it."

Mrs. Minks—"Why, what for?"

Mrs. Finks—"Its got to using such horrible insolent language. Whenever he saw my back turned it would yell: 'You horrid old thing!' 'You old cat,' 'You stuck up old curmudgeon,' and the most awful things you can think of."

Mrs. Minks—"Well, I told you to keep the bird in the kitchen."

WESTERN OLD FAMILIES.—First Western Dame—"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Blank, but when it comes to first families I think I am the one to boast."

Second Western Dame—"You, indeed. Why this city was already a village when your ancestors arrived."

"It was a mere hamlet; nothing more. My grandfather was the owner of the first keno parlor. He started it right after he settled here."

"Pooh! That's nothing. Long before that my grandfather was hung by a Vigilance Committee."

MINKS—"Why, where have you been old boy? Haven't seen you about for some time."

Finks—"No; I am no longer connected with the firm of Ward & Ward."

Minks—"What has happened?"

Finks—"I got to thinking very deeply on the subject, and concluded I would never again have anything to do with Wall street."

Minks—"You don't say so!"

Finks—"Yes, I have reformed and started a faro bank."

MABEL—"Yes, the key of C. is my favorite. I hate sharps and flats."

Augustus—"I thought you were above being influenced by the color line."

Mabel—"The color line! what do you mean?"

Augustus—"You said you hated sharps and flats, did you not?"

Mabel—"Yes, but what has that to do with the color line?"

Augustus—"According to your own admission you dislike dark-keys."

A BIG awkward Straddle came down the street with its hat cocked over one eye and its hands in its trousers' pockets.

"Where are you going to spend the Summer?" asked a mudhole, looking up from a crosswalk.

"I was going to take a little run around the resorts on a bicycle, but I just happened to think I have a couple of appointments here in Chicago next month and the month after."

"What to do."

"Oh, the two big political parties have got to get up platforms, you know."

From the National Capital.

The Washington *Post* says: We admire the stand taken by numerous eminent physicians in changing the mode of treatment of coughs and colds, and publicly endorsing Red Star Cough Cure because it is efficacious, free from dangerous ingredients and without morphia or opium. This excellent remedy costs but twenty-five cents.

Aim at a specialty in business.

BLOOD PURIFIERS and "invigorators," "tonics," and "alteratives," have been palmed off upon the people, but, after a brief season of experiment, have disappeared because of their utter worthlessness. DR WALKER'S famous VINEGAR BITTERS are not of this class. Many million bottles have been sold, and still does the demand continue to increase.

Small leaks sink great ships.

Lost Faith in Physicians.

There are innumerable instances where cures have been effected by SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, for all diseases of the blood, when the patient had been given up by physicians. It is one of the best remedies ever offered to the public, and as it is prepared with the greatest care, as a specific for certain diseases, it is no wonder that it should be more effectual than hastily written and carelessly prepared prescriptions. Take SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP for all disorders arising from impure blood. It is endorsed by all leading professional men.

Words are the wings of action.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH must not be neglected. Colds in the Head and snuffles bring on Catarrh and throat and lung affections. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied with the finger. It also cures Catarrh and Hay Fever, the worst cases yielding to it in a short time. Sold by druggists. 50 cents. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

Judge no man till you have stood in his place.

General debility, female weakness, loss of physical power, Bright's Disease, and nervous diseases, are speedily cured by Hunt's Remedy.

No stock pays larger dividends than a cheerful spirit.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The best corner stone of the Republic is hearthstone.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Men of the world judge us by what we do in the world,

THE BOTTLE of Ely's Cream Balm that I obtained of you last summer has entirely cured my little boy of a severe attack of catarrh,—Mrs. Sallie Davis, Green Postoffice, Ala.

Systematize your business and keep an eye on little expenses.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is better and cheaper than any other, at double the price. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

ANAKESIS.

PILES

"ANAKESIS" gives instant Relief, and is an infallible CURE for PILES. "ANAKESIS" is sold by Druggists everywhere.—Price, $1.00 per box. PREPAID, by mail Samples sent FREE by P. NEUSTAEDTER & Co., No. 93 Maiden St., New York, Sole manuf. of "ANAKESIS."

LADIES!

Prompt and Reliable.

Endorsed by Physicians.

It quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will regain their strength, and the blood will be perfectly purified.

It cures Female complaints and by its use monthly sickness is rendered painless.

It is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

RELIABLE WORDS.

"He who lives after nature shall never be poor."

A Clergyman.

Rev. Charles Pike, of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I contracted a weakness of the kidneys, which was made worse by drinking water in the different places where I resided. I suffered severely. I purchased a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, with the guarantee that it would help me, as it afterward did."

"In an orderly house all is soon ready."

A Grateful Lady.

"This is to certify that I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY for the kidneys and other troubles with very satisfactory results, and would recommend the same to those afflicted as I was. Gratefully, Mrs. D. F. Peck, Ansonia, Ct."

"Out of debt out of danger."

My Wife's Mother.

Mr. Charles W. Morris, *Eagle* Office, Pittsfield, Mass., writes:—"My wife's mother had been in a very precarious condition with dropsy, or Bright's disease of the kidneys. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has worked a miracle in her."

Price $1.25. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I. Sold by all druggists.

C. H. CRITTENTON, General Agent, N. Y

RED STAR
TRADE RED STAR MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. **25 Cts.**

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

19 THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

A Flat Contradiction.

Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

The faith of the child is always the work of its mother.

"Little, but Oh My."

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are scarcely larger than mustard seeds, but they have no equal as a cathartic. In all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels they act like a charm. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, and inclosed in glass vials. Pleasant, safe and sure By druggists.

It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

The Cause of Consumption.

Scrofula, manifesting itself in blotches, pimples, eruptions, salt-rheum, and other blemishes of the skin, is but too apt by and by to infect the delicate tissues of the lungs also, and result in ulceration thus ending in consumption. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will meet and vanquish the enemy in its stronghold of the blood and cast it out of the system. All druggists.

The tongue has no bones, but the tongue breaks bones.

ONE OF my children, a girl about nine years old, had a very bad discharge from the head and nose of a thick yellowish matter, and was growing worse. We had two different physicians prescribe for her, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and much to our surprise in three days there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was apparently cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

Despair has ruined some, but presumption multitudes.

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid.

In girls we love what they are; in lads what they promise to be.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, face pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

HOUSEHOLD.

CHICKEN fried with salt pork: After a very tender chicken is cleaned and cut up, roll the pieces in flour seasoned with salt and pepper; slice half a pound of fat salt pork in thin slices, put it into a frying-pan and fry it brown; then take it up and keep it hot; put the chicken into the drippings and fry it brown. When the chicken is brown cover it with boiling water, season the gravy palatably with salt and pepper, let it boil for a moment, and then serve the chicken and fried pork on the saucedish, sending the gravy to the the table in a bowl.

POTATO FRITTERS.—Burst open four finely baked potatoes; scoop out the insides with a spoon and mix with them a wine glass of cream, a tablespoonful of brandy, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, the juice of one lemon and three well-beaten eggs; beat the batter several minutes, or until it is quite smooth, and drop large tablespoonfuls of the mixture into boiling fat and fry a light brown; dust powdered sugar over them and send to the table on a hot dish.

TO POLISH PLATE GLASS.—To polish plate glass and remove light scratches, rub the surface gently first with a clean pad of fine cotton wool, and afterward with a similar pad covered over with cotton velvet which has been charged with fine rouge. The surface will, under this treatment, acquire a polish of great brilliancy, quite free from any scratches.

INDIAN SUET PUDDING.—One-half pound suet chopped fine, one cup molasses, one pint milk, one egg, meal to make a very thin batter, teaspoonful ground cloves, teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, a few currants or chopped raisins. Boil or steam three hours. Serve with sauce.

IF you wish to pour boiling hot liquid into a glass jar or tumbler it can be safely done by putting a spoon in the dish before you pour, but a draught of cold air must not reach it.

Best, cheapest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c

BOOKS FOR THE GUEST CHAMBER—At one time I was staying in a house where the guest chamber contained among the furniture a little shelf of books. I have often thought of them since, with a wonder that more careful hostesses did not provide the same. Nights when I could not sleep, and mornings when I waited in my room for the breakfast bell, I dipped into the contents—a volume or two of poems, some short stories and interesting travels comprised the whole—and I found not the least pleasant part of my visit in those quiet moments by the window that overlooked the great old-fashioned garden. Any housekeeper could spare six or eight books from her library, and almost any guest would bless her for the thought. A little work-basket fully stocked; pen, ink and paper ready to hand—the visitor cares nearly as much for these as for fresh towels and extra coverings. The Golden Rule, which is a guide to all branches of good housekeeping, as to all branches of business, comes to one's aid here, and what we care most for in another's home we should endeavor to give the comer to our own.

For General Debility, Physical Weakness, etc., Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 24, has obtained a wide sale and deserved popularity. Merit not accident, has led to its preference with a class of people, whose word is indisputable. Sold by all druggists. Humphreys' Specific Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.

FIVE dollars can be saved every year in boots and Shoes by using Lyon's Heel Stiffeners, cost only 25c.

To encourage sleep, create an appetite, brace up the system, and to purify the blood, take the unfailing Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy.

OLD-FASHIONED CHICKEN POT PIE.—Cut the chicken as for a fricassee. Chop a quarter pound of salt pork, and with it cover the bottom of a wide-mouthed, rather shallow pot. Next lay in the pieces of chicken; sprinkle with minced onion, and just cover with cold water. Over this lay a thick biscuit crust, pretty short. Stew one hour and a half, and then cut by holding a red-hot shovel close to the crust, or if you have a stove cover that fits the pot heat this very hot and fit it on, leaving it five minutes or so, the pot being drawn to the side of the stove, where it will be hot without boiling. Now lift the crust out with a fork and cake-turner, and cover to keep warm. Take out the chicken and set over boiling water. Add a little boiling water to the gravy, thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour, season with pepper, salt and parsley, and boil one minute. Then put in square or strips of pie crust, cook gently ten minutes, arrange the chicken on a flat dish, lay the dumplings on it, pour the gravy over them and cover with the crust.

THE USE OF THE SPONGE.—A sponge makes the best of mustard carriers. The nurse mixes the mustard in a basin of water until the mass is smooth and of even consistency. Then she takes the soft mass all up with a clean sponge, lays the sponge in the center of a soft white handkerchief, ties up the corners of the handkerchief neatly to form a hold, and applies the smooth convex surface to the surface of the skin. This mustard sponge warmed again by the fire and slightly moistened, can be applied three or four times, is good for several hours, and saves the trouble of making a new poultice for re-application, often a matter of importance during the weariness of night-watching. The sponge can afterward easily be washed clean in warm water.

WHEN putting glycerine on chapped hands, first wash them thoroughly in soap and water, and when not quite dry rub in glycerine. This process will be found much better than the old one.

COARSE brown paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for sick headache. If the eyelids are gently bathed in cool water the pain in the head is generally allayed.

A GOOD gargle for a sore throat is made of vinegar and a little red pepper mixed with water.

Questions Answered!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child-like refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops!!!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically *"Buchu!!!"*

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smalles child to use.

CHAPTER I.

"Patients"

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pang of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula.

Erysipelas!

Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Catarrh is Caused

By scrofulous taint in the blood. Therefore, to cure catarrh, *purify the blood.* Thousands who have been troubled with the disagreeable symptoms of catarrh, have been entirely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood-purifying medicine before the public. It expels every taint of impurity from the blood, and vitalizes and enriches it. If you suffer from catarrh, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. A remedy so cordially endorsed as this, is certainly worthy your confidence. Do not delay taking it till too late.

"I had catarrh nine years, and suffered terribly with it. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla the catarrh troubled me less, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured." JANE HINEY, Lumberton, Clinton County, Ohio.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me more for catarrh and impure blood than anything else I ever used." A. BALL, Syracuse, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

"I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines, but have heretofore received only temporary relief. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it helped me so much that I decided to keep on. Now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever taken, and the only one that has done me permanent good." MRS. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

"I have been troubled with catarrh about a year, causing great soreness of the bronchial tubes and terrible headache. I saw the advertisment of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a cure for catarrh, and after taking only one bottle I am much better. My catarrh I cured, my throat is entirely well, and my headache has all disappeared." H. GIBBONS, Hamilton, Butler Co., O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

GRAHAM GEMS.—This is an excellent recipe for Graham gems, and differs from any before given. One cup of Graham flour, one cup of fine flour, two eggs; two cups of sweet milk, one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Have the gem pans hot, and the oven hot, and twenty minutes will be long enough to bake them.

Stories heard at mother's knee are never wholly forgotten. They form a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes he may have his remedy by cutting them off shorter.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

PURELY VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — ALCOHOL

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Made from California roots and herbs, free from **Alcoholic** Stimulants. **A Purgative** and Tonic.

This Bitters cures Female Complaints, Inflammatory and Chronic **Rheumatism,** Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent **Fevers,** Blood, **Liver** and **Kidney** Diseases.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Pneumonia, and Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, are cured by the use of the Bitters.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

It Invigorates the Stomach, and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

No Person can take the Bitters and remain long unwell.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, are destroyed and removed from the system.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 526, 530 & 532 Washington St. Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

Scrofula of Lungs.

I am now 49 years old, and have suffered for the last fifteen years with a lung trouble. I have spent thousands of dollars to arrest the march of this disease; but temporary relief was all that I obtained. I was unfit for any manual labor for several years. A friend strongly recommended the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), claiming that he himself had been greatly benefitted by its use in some lung troubles. I resolved to try it. The results are remarkable. My cough has left me, my strength has returned, and I weigh sixty pounds more than I ever did in my life. It has been three years since I stopped the use of the medicine, but I have had no return of the disease, and there are no pains or weakness felt in my lungs. I do the hardest kind of work. T. J. HOLT.

Montgomery, Ala., June 25, 1885.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 157 W. 23d St., N. Y.

47 448

WORMS

In the human body ERADICATED by using

CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!

INFALLIBLE

An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.

☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. ☜

Grind your own Bone,

Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the **STRAND MILL** (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping with the times. Also **POWER MILLS** and **FARM FEED MILLS.** Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. **WILSON BROS.,** Easton, Pa.

U. S. STANDARD **JONES OF BINGHAMTON**

5 TON WAGON SCALES,

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box.

$60 AND

JONES of Binghamton pays the freight—for Free Price List mention this paper and address **JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.**

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also used for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75. per Month and Expenses. Expenses in advance. Canvassing outfit FREE. Particulars free. Standard Silver-ware Co. Boston, Mass.

Sharp Pains!

ARE CURED BY THE

HOP PLASTER

Hosts of people use and recommend this porous plaster because it is the strongest and best ever known. When applied to any sort of soreness, or weakness, it acts instantly, removing pain and strengthening the parts. Prepared from Burgundy Pitch, Canada Balsam, and the entire medicinal virtues of fresh Hops. They never burn or irritate—always soothe, stimulate and strengthen weak and tired muscles. Quick relief for sudden pains. All ready to apply. Hop Plasters are sold by all dealers, 25c., 5 for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price.

HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston Mass.

My Back Aches!

RIDGE'S FOOD

Thousands of infants are slowly starving, because mothers cannot provide the proper nourishment. Alternate nursing and Ridge's Food will often supply all the luck and quiet nights and happy days you will be the result. Try it. It only costs. If your child is not in perfect health, and see if you cannot join in testimony with the thousands who have been blessed by its use

"25 YEARS IN THE POULTRY YARD"

20th Edition. 100 pages. Teaches You the Business. 25 cts. in Stamps. A 50-page Ill'd Cir. FREE. A. M. LONG, Cove Dale, Ky.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS!

KNICKERBOCKER SHOULDER BRACE and SUSPENDER combined. Expands the Chest, promotes Respiration, prevents Round Shoulders. A perfect Skirt Supporter for Ladies. No harness simple, unlike all others. All sizes for women, men, boys, girls. Cheapest and only Reliable Shoulder Brace. Sold by Druggists and General Stores, or sent postpaid, on receipt of $1 per pair; plain or $1.50 silk faced. Send chest measure around the body. Knickerbocker Brace Co., Easton, Pa. S. L. JOHNSON, Prop'r.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

is just what its name indicates, a magazine for Homes. Write for a *Free Specimen* copy before subscribing for any other magazine. T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

PENNYROYAL PILLS!

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH"

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always reliable. Beware of Worthless Imitations. "Chichester's English" are the best made. Infallible. TO LADIES. Ask Druggists for "Chichester's English" in metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon, for particulars, testimonials, etc., in letter mail, by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2307 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.

Sold only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

G

Has taken the lead in the cases of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction.

MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex.

G has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the seldom.

A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. R. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cases. Main Office, 921 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; at 3129 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M. Sundays

$5.45 IN STAPLE GOODS FREE

No jewelry receipts or trash; but goods needed in every house, that sell for $5.45 CASH, sent free on receipt of the addresses of 10 persons (16 to 40 years old), and 25 cents to pay for this advertisement and postage on goods. Certain satisfaction. Order now, as this offer is limited. NIAGARA SUPPLY CO., Drawer 168, BUFFALO, N. Y.

MORPHINE Chloral and Opium Habits EASILY CURED. BOOK FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN. Jefferson, Wisconsin

THURSTON'S PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

A BIG OFFER. GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O., and express office at once. The National Co., 25 DEY ST., N. Y.

OPIUM HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to 20 days. Sanitarium treatment, or medicines by express. 18 years established. Books free. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

OLD COINS WANTED. Send 10c for Catalogue of prices paid. CHARLES J. SCHAYER, 13 Lambert Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Palms' Business College, Philadelphia Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

MITCHELL'S PERFUMATED BELLADONNA PLASTERS cure all Aches and Pains. Sure Remedy for that COLD SPOT between the shoulders. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 50c. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., DEC. 9 1885.

SOLD HIS WIFE FOR $2.50.

Troy, N. Y., Dec. 1.—For nearly twenty years George Wolff has worked a farm on shares in the town of Schagticoke. He was the possessor of a wife weighing 225 pounds. A year ago Augustus Ham was given employment by Wolff, and between Ham and Mrs. Wolff a warm attachment soon sprang up. Instead of working himself into a passion over the circumstance Wolff took a matter-of-fact view of the case and finally proposed to sell his right, title and interest in Mrs. Wolff to Ham. The proposition was accepted and the very reasonable price of 20 shillings was agreed upon. Wolff will sell his agricultural implements and go west. Ham and Mrs. Wolff remain in Melrose.

It is in order now for every manufacturer to praise and extol the virtues of his cough medicine, and claim it ever so much better than any other. On square business principles the proprietor of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine says if you are not satisfied with the relief and benefit obtained, if you do not consider it well worth the price paid for it, then take the empty bottle back to your dealer and get your money. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co,
Philadelphia Agents.

SOMETHING

More or less than five thousand different pills are on the market. Some good, some indifferent, many bad and worthless. Life is too short to try them all, so if you want to be absolutely sure you are right get McDonald's Improved Liver Pills, and if you are not satisfied with the amount of benefit received you get your money back. Sold at Murray's.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

FOUND FROZEN TO DEATH.

Altoona, Pa., Dec. 1.—On November 23, a man named Adams, a resident of Cambria county, went hunting, taking with him a 13 year old son. At a point near this city the latter started the boy back home and proceeded to Altoona. Adams reached his home two days later and was surprised to find that the boy had not returned. Next morning searching parties started to hunt for the lad, and this morning, after five days' search, they found his lifeless body in the woods, four miles from his home, having been frozen to death.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Having had a running sore on my leg for 8 years, my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used instead three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at 50 cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c per box at J. Zeiler & Son's drug store, Bellefonte.

TOO MUCH OIL RUINS THE MARKET.

Bradford, Pa., Nov. 30.—The Gabby and the Genz wells, in Washington Co., were both reported as showing some oil in the deep sand to day, and another well at Reibold Station, in Butler county, was rumored to be flowing thirty barrels per hour. These rumors were too much for the oil market, which melted away nearly 6 cents to 88 cents. The longs were completely demoralized, and a further brake is not improbable unless some bullish news is received or strong parties come in to sustain the market.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The most important discovery is that which brings the most good to the greatest number. Dr King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, will preserve the health and save life, and is a priceless boon to the afflicted. Not only does it positively cure consumption, but coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs, yield at once to its wonderful curative powers. If you doubt this get a trial bottle free at J. Zeiler & Son's.

There will be a blind member in the next Ohio Legislature. Happy man. If he were only deaf his lot might be envied by anybody.—Chicago Mail.

The Democrats who had turkey appreciated it; but there was many a good Democrat entitled to turkey who had none. Turn the rascals out.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

If Logan and Sherman get into a squabble over the Presidency of the Senate, what will become of the shirt? It is just now in a fair way to be, so to speak, ripped up the back.—Chicago news.

There is a suspicion abroad that Rutherford B Hayes can keep his promise to attend Vice President Hendricks' funeral with perfect safety. Evidences of repentances are always acceptable.—Philadelphia Times.

You have often seen women with marked blueness and paleness of face, vitiated appetites, and a craving for unwholesome food. These are signs of a disordered liver, and the trouble must be corrected or worse results are sure to follow. Husbands and fathers cannot afford to treat this subject lightly Dr Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," which dispels liver disease, costs less than sick wives and daughters. You will find it a very profitable investment. dec

Patrick Gallagher, aged one hundred and three, died at his home in Newport, Ky., last week.

Nearly every mine in the Hocking Valley is working a full force of men and the strike is practically ended.

Through our luxurious and perverted modes of living, and from a score of causes besides, diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs are now among the most common and fatal in this country. Men suffer from them most frequently and intensely. Their victims are falling exhausted by the wayside of life every day. Do you fear this end for yourself? If so, we can assure you of help by means of Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" the last gift of the N. Y. World to suffering humanity.

THEY STUDIED HUMAN NATURE.

Some time ago a widow moved into Detroit from a town in the western part of the State. She brought with her a bulldog, which showed game in every movement, and it was not long before every butcher and sport in the neighborhood wanted to buy that dog. The widow wouldn't sell it at no price. The next thing to buying the dog was to get up a fight between him and another canine of blood-thirsty appearance, but the widow wouldn't hear to this.

"I want you to understand," she indignantly replied, "that I am a respectable woman and give no encouragement to such things."

Still, there were one or two men who did not despair. They began to conspire, and as a result they led a fighting dog into a barn near the widow's house the other day, and one of them paid a call at the house and said:

"In course we knows how you feels about this dog fighting. We feels the same, but there's a woman across the alley who owns a dog which she brags on."

"She can't be no lady," was the retort.

"Exactly, ma'am, or she wouldn't speak of you as she does."

"Speak of me? Why, I don't know her!"

"In course you don't, and I should hate to tell you what she said of you."

"But you must! If she's talking about me I want to know what she says!"

"But, ma'am, you'll excuse me, you know."

"No, I won't! What does she say?"

"Well then, begging your pardon, she makes fun of your red hair.

"She does?"

"And she ridicules your dress."

"The vixen!"

"And she says she never saw such feet on a woman."

"I'll sue her for slander. I'll see a lawyer at once!" exclaimed the woman.

"We've got her dog in the barn, ma'am. It's a dog she brags on. She was a-saying that if her dog could only get at your dog once there——"

"But he can! You go into the back yard and untie Bravo and take him over there! If he can't whip any such woman's dog I'll disown him!"

"Exactly, ma'am, and you can trust me to see fair play. The arrogant head of sich a slanderful, boasterous woman should be humbled, you know, and it's you who'll do it."

The dog was taken to the barn, and he did not disappoint his backers. After a fight of fifteen minutes he was declared victor, and as the referee gave his decision the widow's voice was heard saying:

"Good! That pays her for abusing my hair! I'll fix her on the big feet before the week is out!"

She had been watching the fight through the cracks of the barn.

SHE SENT A POSTAL CARD.

She walked up and down the corridors of the postoffice for ten or fifteen minutes before she asked a citizen who was directing an envelope:

"Please, sir, would you write a word or two on a postal card for me?"

"Certainly, ma'am; where is it to go to?"

"To John Sessions, at Clevelend. Put Esq. after his name. I sometimes forget it, and it makes him mad."

"Your husband?"

"Of course. When I want a postal written to a strange man it will be a cold day. Now, then, begin with 'My dearest husband.'"

"I've got that."

"Say that I am all right, and baby is all right, and I haven't time to write any more."

"Yes."

"Then you'll want a P. S. that I have only $2 left, and I shall look for him to send me some next week."

"Yes'm."

"That'll be all, except to say from your true wife to my loving husband, and don't send less'n $5 and the baby weighs eighteen pounds, and the weather is still cold. Thanks, sir, I'll do as much for you some day."

WHAT BROKE THE ENGAGEMENT.

"Well, Mrs. O'Neal, have you made up your mind yet in regard to my proposal of marriage?" asked bachelor Doran of the Buxom widow.

"Well, I'll tell ye, Mr. Doran, phwat I'll do wid ye. I'll marry ye on the condition that when I die I be buried alongside of John, for I promised him that on his death bed."

"That's all right, Mrs. O'Neal. Of course you can be buried alongside of him, and I can be buried alongside of you."

"No, no, no, no! That would niver do. John would murther me for that. The idee of havin' John on one side and me and the loikes of ye on the tother! No, sor. Divil the bit will I agree to that. Ye may give up the suit intoirely now. I'll not marry at all at all. I wouldn't run any risk of havin' anyone slapin' wid John an' me. Indade I wouldn't."

Mr. Doran is now going for an old maid.

"O, where are the girls of the past?" asks a poet. If you mean the far-away, dim and distant past, some of them are still in the ballet corps.

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All Sales Strictly for Cash.

It is with reluctance that we will quit business here and say farewell to our many steadfast friends and patrons; but we are compelled to do so for reasons best known to ourselves.

Times are hard and money scarce, therefore we feel that the least we can do in return for their liberal patronage is to give the people

Some Real Genuine Bargains,

and we are going to do it right now in the heart of the season when they need the goods.

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Chamber suits in color bands, 10 pieces..... 3 50
All styles and prices in Painted and Hand-Painted Chamber sets.

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contain no mineral nor poisonous substance, and do not gripe, unless the bowels are irritated, and even then their influence is healing. To continue their effect in constipated or chronic cases, they need only be taken in diminishing instead of increasing doses. For seamen, and inhabitants or travelers in sparsely settled countries where physicians are not at hand, they are of inestimable value. There is hardly a sickness they will not alleviate, and in most cases cure, if taken promptly. To young girls just entering upon womanhood, and to women whose period of maternity is drawing to a close, Ayer's Pills, in moderate doses, merely sufficient to ensure regular action of the bowels, will be found of

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Like the "Samaritan Nervine."
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To health wide open is the door,
From the "Samaritan Nervine."
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THE LIFE LESSON

Learned by a Prominent Hudson Odd Fellow.

[From the Hudson, N. Y., Register.]

Mr. John Elting, a faithful Odd Fellow (Past Grand, Lindenwald, No. 442) and a member of the Baptist church, says: "I have been, as most of my acquaintances in Hudson know, a sufferer from dyspepsia for ten years. Beginning with indigestion, sour stomach and flatulence, I became so weak that my body became a burden too heavy to carry and my mind was weighted down by a gloomy despondency. After eating I felt as if I had a ball of glowing iron in my stomach; my abdomen would bloat and I was afflicted almost constantly with sick headache. A lady, learning of my condition, advised me to use DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, telling me what an infinite deal of good it had done her and others whom she knew. I began taking it in the latter part of August, and used altogether only three bottles, when it achieved in me the most wonderful improvement. I have now gained flesh, and feel stronger, better and happier than I have in ten years. "Favorite Remedy" cured my friend, R. P. Hermans, of Ghent, of the lingering remains of malarial fever and of biliousness. Mr. Harvey Thomas, the grocer on Warren street, just below the Worth House, says that it has had wonderfully good effects upon him. Scores of my acquaintances say that having once tried it they would never again be without it. I have given it to my children and found it the best medicine I have ever known for regulating their bowels and purifying their blood. The knowledge of this medicine I deem the greatest lesson of physical life."

A Battle and Its Victory.—"I carried the burden of dyspepsia about all my life," said Mr. Pierce, a lady eighty years old, residing at Rochester, N. Y., "until about three years ago I began taking Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy,"—of Rondout, you know—and it has given me more ambition and strength than I have had since I was young."

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GRAYVILLE, ILLS. In cases of Croup, Thomas' Eclectric Oil never fails to cure. It cured me of a very bad Ulcerated Sore Throat.—C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill.

LOWELL, MASS. I was badly afflicted with Bronchitis and affection of the throat. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured me.—Oliver J. Belleisle, 21 East Merrimack Street.

DAVENPORT, IOWA. As a remedy for Catarrh Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil stands at the top. It cured me, and I believe will cure any case. Edw. S. Rowley, 22 West 12th Street.

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DIVERS DIAMOND DECEPTIONS.

"Is there a large amount of imposition at present in your business?" asked a reporter of a diamond dealer.

"In an article where not one in a hundred has any knowledge whatever, and not more than one in ten thousand is a good judge, there must necessarily be a good deal of imposition. The methods of cheating may be divided into three classes. The first and most common is when flawed, imperfect or off-colored diamonds are sold for first-water, flawless gems. This takes place every day and every hour of the day. Those who are the principal sufferers are would-be smart persons who snatch at a so-called bargain and deserve what they get. If people would remember that fine diamonds are the easiest things to sell in the world, that any jeweler who deals in gems is always willing to purchase at a small deduction from current rates, they would not be bitten so often.

"The next two methods are swindling pure and simples. There are several precious stones which are of an entirely different composition to the diamond, but resemble that gem so closely that none but experts can distinguish them. Even experts have often to test these before they can discover the imposition. The basis of the diamond, as almost everybody knows, is carbon. The basis of the stones I now allude to is alumnia, and they are known under the generic term 'carodums.' The principal stones substituted and sold for diamonds are the white sapphire, white topaz and the zircon or jargon. White sapphire and topaz are worth from $2 to $8 a carat, zircon much less. Bushels of these stones have been and are still sold for diamonds. They can be at once identified by experts for their inferior hardness and difference in specific gravity. The specific gravity of the diamond is 3.9, that of white sapphires and topaz is 3.5, zircon 4.4.

"The last method of swindling is when imitation stones made in various ways are sold for the genuine article. More of this is carried on than you would think possible. In Europe, especially in Paris, the art of making fine imitations of diamonds has been brought to perfection. Many of these, of course, are sold for what they are, many are made for wealthy people, who, in temporary difficulties, wish to raise money on their diamonds, and have these stones set in the same manner to wear while the real article is out of their reach, but large quantities are set in fine style and sold for first-water diamonds. A dealer or jeweler is seldom victimized in this way, except when one or two stones are mixed with a very parcel."

THE MOOSE NEARLY EXTINCT.

The time is close at hand when the moose will become extinct. Pursued at all the seasons of the year by roving Indians and hunter traps, to say nothing of the common rack of sportsmen, bulls, cows with young, and half-grown calves are killed indiscriminately at all seasons. These creatures are the largest of the deer family, measuring, when full grown, five feet eight inches to six feet in height, and weighing twelve hundred pounds or more. They have a coarse, erect mean, while under the throat dangles a long tuft of hair. Animals indigenous of these high latitudes usually assume a white fur during the winter months; that on the moose, on the contrary, becomes much darker in color. Their antlers are foliated, and of immense weight and size, averaging six feet from tip to toe, and weighing upward of sixty pounds. These they shed in January. By the month of June they have again attained the normal size. Their fore-legs are so disproportionate in length as to seriously interfere with their grazing; consequently, when feeding upon grass, they will, if possible, pasture upon a slope. Their hind feet are splayed, and furnished with long, loose, horny points, which rattle as they shamble along. Notwithstanding their awkwardness and great size, when alarmed they travel with astonishing speed, seemingly impossible in an animal crowned with such immense and weighty antlers. His head-gear, however, gives him, when in flight, less trouble than his legs. The head carried so high as to prevent him from seeing the ground directly in his front, causes him to trip and stumble over the fallen trunks and branches which may lie in his path. The cow-moose is somewhat smaller than the male; her coat has a more reddish tinge. Early in life she gives birth but to one calf; as she advances in years the number is increased to two.

MAKING POTTERY.

The women of the mountain tribes in in Kabylia, North Africa, make all the pottery required for their household; no men will meddle with what is thought women's work. The use of the wheel is unknown, and there is not a mould in the country; everything is done by hand; the brushes for designing patterns are of fur or feathers; the old classic traditions are preserved, even to the use of the so-called Etruscan lamp. Many of the shapes are precisely those found in the old Greek tombs of Cyprus.

Angustus was exceedingly fond of a parrot, but still more so of a quail the loss of which made him sad.

Fall styles of hat and caps just received at the Bee Hive

THE CUTE TRICKS OF CABMEN.

A red-faced, blue coated cabman sat perched on a hansom in front of a downtown hotel yesterday. With an eye like a hawk he scanned the stream of pedestrians passing in and out of the hostelry, anxiously waiting for a fare. Presently another hansom was driven up to the door and a gentleman and lady went into the hotel.

"Wait until I return," said the gentleman.

The driver nodded his head and turned to stare at a couple of pretty girls who chanced to be passing at the time.

While his attention was thus engaged the driver of the first cab dismounted from his seat and posted himself at the hotel door. A few minutes later the gentleman and lady reappeared. They were returning to the cab they had just left. Instantly the driver in waiting seized the gentleman by the arm.

"This way, sir," said he, directing the couple to his own cab.

The second cabman was still staring at the girls and failed to notice the trick played on him. Meanwhile the first cabman clambered into his box while the unsuspecting couple seated themselves in the cab. A jeering laugh from the first driver as he urged his horse into a gallop notified the second one that his fares were stolen. The duped driver whipped up his horse in a rage, but another vehicle stopped in his way, and, after delivering himself of a mouthful of oaths, he gave up the pursuit.

"Hits one of them 'ere pirates what done that trick," exclaimed the irate cabby. "A legitimate driver like me is allus at their mercy, an' the wust of it is they are getting thicker an' thicker every day."

"Why do you call that driver a pirate?" he was asked.

"Because," was the reply, "that's wot 'e is—'e's a cab pirate, because 'e steals fares. A driver can't trust his fare out of sight five minutes with them pirates. They hang around the hotels all day, an' if a fellow isn't on the lookout all the time they rush his fare into their old traps and then charge double rates."

"Yes," said the policeman on the crossing, "that's a new trick among the cab-drivers. They steal fares from each other, and it's very easy to do it, especially when the fare happens to be a stranger. I don't know why they are called 'pirates,' but they are sent out in force in the evening, and most of their stealing is done after the theatres let out. You see, there are too many cabs in the city, and if the drivers didn't steal fares from each other some of 'em wouldn't get much of anything to do."

HINTS FOR THE FAMILY.

A wife can hide any small object from her husband by putting it in the Bible.

When twin babies are so very much alike that they cannot be readily distinguished apart, the difficulty can be overcome by slitting the ears of one with a pair of scissors. Another plan is to tattoo a lizard in the forehead of one baby and an elephant in the forehead of the other.

A wife may often be cured of a lack of animation and general tedium vitæ with a few poker-chips and a photograph of a pretty actress carelessly worn in the husband's vest pocket.

A husband, in sewing a button on his trousers, will find that a small tack hammer and a pair of tweezers, worked in scientific co-operation with his teeth, will serve as a practical substitute for an ordinary thimble.

A good way to name a new baby is to write a good many names on slips of paper, shake them in a hat, and take the top paper. If the name thus obtained doesn't suit, keep shaking the hat until you get a suitable one on top. If the baby is a boy let the wife manage the hat; but if it is a girl let the husband manage it. This precaution should be taken to prevent "stuffing" the hat or any unfair manipulation of the returns.

The best way to prevent the children from playing with the cat is to swap the cat off for a goat.

WAS IT MEMORY?

"And you pretend to say," remarked a lawyer to a witness, "that you remember the exact words this man said to you ten years ago?"

"I do."

"Well, if my memory serves me, I met you at Saratoga about five years ago, and I should like to know if you can swear to any expression which I then made."

"I can."

"Now, Mr. J., I want you to remember that you are under oath. Now, under oath, you swear that you can quote with great accuracy a remark I made to you at Saratoga five years ago?"

"I can."

"Well, what is it?"

"You met me in the hotel corridor."

"Yes, quite correct."

"And you shook hands with me."

"Naturally I did."

"And you said to me: 'Let's go and take something.'"

The crier of the court had to call silence for ten minutes, and the lawyer confessed that the witness had a remarkable memory.

Madras mail cats pets, and ponger fighty—Curious.

Chronic Dysentery.

Mr. James Brannan, Second avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For two years I have been constantly troubled with a chronic diarrhœa, or dysentery, having had, on an average, from twenty to twenty-five passages every twenty-four hours, and every one bloody. I had thoroughly tried all the prominent physicians in Pittsburgh, was twice in the West Penn Hospital, the first time thirteen weeks, and though I left it much better, yet in five days I was as bad as ever. I then tried two other great doctors in this city, and one of them finally assured me I was not long for this world, and advised me to write to my friends about it. I next went to Dr. Hartman, without the least confidence that he could do anything for me. He examined me, smiled, and said, he could stop the bloody discharges in less than two weeks, which he did with PERUNA, and I have now been entirely well for several weeks, and never felt better in my life, though I am still taking his PERUNA. I will take it whenever I need medicine.

Mr. Patrick Burns, Pittsburgh, writes: "I have suffered intensely from piles and chronic diarrhœa. I was treated by five of the best physicians and surgeons in the city of Pittsburgh, and with all grew constantly worse. Finally three of them said my only hope was an operation. This frightened me, and I went immediately to Dr. Hartman, who has entirely cured me with PERUNA. I have been at work now for three months, and never in my life felt better. Call and see me at corner of Twenty-seventh and Mulberry streets, Twelfth ward, Pittsburgh."

Mr. Patrick Cunningham, S. S., near Sidney street, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For five years I have suffered inexpressibly from internal and external piles. I have tried the best physicians of Pittsburgh and Allegheny without relief. I went to Dr. Hartman, who cured me without detention from work with PERUNA."

Charles Frank, of Emrichville, Jefferson county, Ohio, writes: "I had piles and fistula in ano for four years. I had suffered constantly with a discharge of matter from the parts, and sometimes from the contents of the bowels through it. I could not have borne it much longer. I had heard so much of the ill effects of a knife operation that I resolved to go to Dr. Hartman. He ridiculed the silly idea of cutting it, and at once performed his own original operation without the knife, and without pain. I am thoroughly cured, though of course I took PERUNA."

TRADE MARK.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY,

THE GREAT

Blood Purifier of the World.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

CATARRH.

THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR

MALARIA.

A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

RHEUMATISM.
SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

For sale by druggists generally.

PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL F. KELLER & CO., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

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What a miner would very properly term "surface indications" of what is beneath, are the Pimples, Boils, Sore Eyes, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions with which people are annoyed in spring and early summer. The effete matter accumulated during the winter months, now makes its presence felt, through Nature's endeavors to expel it from the system. While it remains, it is a poison that festers in the blood and may develop into Scrofula. This condition causes derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, with a feeling of enervation, languor, and weariness—often lightly spoken of as "only spring fever." These are evidences that Nature is not able, unaided, to throw off the corrupt atoms which weaken the vital forces. To regain health, Nature must be aided by a thorough blood-purifying medicine; and nothing else is so effective as

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which is sufficiently powerful to expel from the system even the taint of Hereditary Scrofula.

The medical profession indorse AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and many attestations of the cures effected by it come from all parts of the world. It is, in the language of the Hon. Francis Jewett, ex-State Senator of Massachusetts and ex-Mayor of Lowell, "the only preparation that does real, lasting good."

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division).—On and after NOV. 8, 1885.

		WESTWARD.
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Montandon	5 40 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 52 a m
" "	Lock Haven	8 15 a m
" "	Renovo	9 25 a m
" arr at	Erie	5 15 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport	11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 05 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 23 a m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 50 p m
" "	Renovo	5 05 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
EAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
" "	Montandon	5 54 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 07 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
	(Sunday Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
" "	Montandon	9 37 a m
" "	Williamsport	10 40 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 33 a m
" arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m
	EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	9 16 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 15 a m
" "	Renovo	10 10 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 10 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 20 p m
" "	Montandon	1 23 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACN leaves	Renovo	4 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 05 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 20 p m
" "	Montandon	7 27 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	9 40 p m
" "	Philadelphia	4 25 a m
Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.		
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 40 p m
" "	Renovo	11 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven	12 03 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 20 a m
" "	Montandon	2 24 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie and East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R.

Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
1 35	10 15	6 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 55
2 00	10 25	6 30	Lewisburg	8 55	12 55	5 35
2 11		6 45	Biehl	8 32		5 20
2 19		6 53	Vicksburg	8 27		5 00
2 30		7 10	Mifflinburg	8 35		4 45
2 49		7 35	Millmont	7 55		4 25
2 58		7 45	Laurelton	7 45		4 15
4 08		8 45	Coburn	6 55		2 55
4 14		8 55	Zerby	6 40		2 45
4 30		9 05	Rising Spring	6 3		2 2
4 41		9 15	Penn Cave	6 25		1
4 52		9 25	Centre Hall	6 15		2 00
5 01		9 33	Gregg	6 07		1 52
5 12		9 43	Linden Hall	5 58		1 43
5 20		9 50	Oak Hall	5 51		1 36
5 30		10 00	Lemont	5 45		1 30
5 38		10 08	Dale Summit	5 37		1 22
5 49		10 19	Pleasant Gap	5 26		
5 ...		10 25	Axemann	5 22		0
6 08		10 30	Bellefonte	5 1		0

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.25 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7.40 p m.

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John R. Dodge, Jr., Fowler, Kansas, Ill., writes: "You ask what I think of the Washer I bought last summer. It is the best machine ever invented by man. My wife cleans as much in one day as she could in two by the old way." Mrs. Enoch, of St. Joseph, Ill., writes: "I would not take $50 for mine. My washer was the first in this neighborhood, and all my neighbors have bought since." Mrs. Jas. Wilson, Fowler, Ind., writes: "Mine is worth its weight in gold. I would not take $100 for it if I could not get another." Mrs. Jas. Wilson, Fowler, Ind., writes: "It is a treasure. It takes the skin only independent of the oldest washerwoman."

I will ship a sample to those desiring an agency on a week's trial on liberal terms. To those without capital, who can prove themselves trustworthy, I will furnish machines to fill their orders, pay money to be paid after delivery. Write for particulars. J. WORTH, Box 1030 New York City.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Henry W. Sage, the founder of the Sage Female College, in Cornell University, has given $60,000 to endow a professorship of ethics and moral philosophy in that University, in memory of his late wife.

—The President on the 21st appointed Richard P. Hammond, Jr., to be Surveyor General of California, in place of William H. Brown, who has resigned to retire on January 1st. Mr. Hammond is a civil engineer and only 28 years of age.

—The Governor of New York on the 21st appointed George H. Sterling, of Brooklyn, to be Port Warden, in place of William H. Laye aft, whose term will expire on May 28th next.

—Lieutenant General Sheridan and Inspector General Baird will leave Washington in a few days, by direction of the President, to inquire into the Indian troubles in Arizona.

—The Secretary of State was informed by cable on the 21st that the Greek Government, preparatory to the approaching naval manoeuvres, has placed torpedoes in the Straits of Lytalla and Salamis, and in certain other waters of the vicinity, and that entrance to such waters was forbidden from Friday.

—The Legislative Committee of the Trade and Labor Council at Toronto has made a report condemning the Dominion Government "for its lavish expenditure in bringing immigrants to canada, while there is not work enough for those already here. In some instances immigrants have been reshipped to England."

—The State Board of Horticulture of California, in session at Los Angeles, on the 21st passed a resolution asking Congress to place a high protective tariff on prunes, raisins and olive oil. They also endorsed the Mexican Reciprocity Treaty.

—The Relief Committee in Galveston had been advised on the 21st of total subscriptions to the amount of $104,700. Of this sum $82,600 had been received and about $50,00 distributed.

—A fire in Plainfield, New Jersey, on the 21st, destroyed the lumber yard of A. D. Cook & Co. and six barns adjoining, causing a loss estimated at $100,000.

—The President on the 23d appointed George W. Miller, of Washington, Penna., to be U. S. Marshal for Western Pennsylvania; William A. Beach, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Twenty-first District of New York; Bartlett Trip, of Yankton, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Dakota; Elijah Gates, of St. Joseph, U. S. Marshal for Western Missouri; George N. Baxter, U. S. Attorney for Minnesota, and Benjamin F. Leadbeater, Surveyor General of Louisiana.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., called at the White House on the 23d, and spent a few minutes in going through the rooms, after which they stopped in the Green Room. The President being informed of their presence stepped into the Green Room on his way to the East Room, greeted them cordially and remained in conversation with them for several minutes.

—The Fenian Brotherhood in New York on the 23d held a large meeting in memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, "the Manchester martyrs," of whose death it was the anniversary. Irish songs were sung and addresses made by General Thomas Francis Burke and Colonel John O'Byrne. Resolutions were adopted commending the conduct of "the martyred Irish heroes," and calling on all Irishmen "to continue the struggle."

—Colonel Oudinot, addressing his constituents, in Montreal, on the 23d, said he would vote against the Government on the Riel question. It is said the next move of the leaders of the Riel agitation will be to get the county councils throughout the Province to pass resolutions condemnatory of the present Government. Six hundred French Canadian citizens met on the 23d in Troy, New York, to denounce the execution of Riel.

—The second annual convention of the National Cattle and Horse Growers' Association met on the 23d in St. Louis. There were about 600 delegates present, nearly all from the Western cattle-growing States and Territories. Colonel R. D. Hunter, President of the Association, called the convention to order and made an address.

—The Supreme Court of the United States in a case from California, on the 23d rendered a decision in effect "that neither a police officer nor a private citizen in his capacity as such officer or citizen, can lawfully arrest without a warrant or order of military authority, a deserter from the United States Army.

—The Congressional Commission on Ordnance arrived in Pittsburg on the 23d, and, escorted by a committee of the Chamber of Commerce, visited the principal manufacturing establishments there. The facilities possessed by the firms for the manufacture of steel for guns and armor plating were set forth at the different establishments, special stress being laid upon the superior quality of the products, owing to the use of natural gas as fuel.

—The total value of our exports of merchandise during the twelve months which ended October 31st, 1885, was $717,179,352, and during the preceeding twelve months $734,827,793. The value of our imports of merchandise for the twelve months which ended October 31st, 1885, was $572,417,322, and during the preceeding twelve months $652,561,413.

—All the California members of Congress have started for Washington, except Senator Miller, who is too unwell to travel.

—It is understood in Ottawa that Sanford Fleming, George Stephen and D. A. Smith will be knighted "for services in connection with the construction" of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

—Fifteen small houses in a square bounded by Julia, Cypress, Danbigny and Roman streets, New Orleans, were burned on the 26th.

—The total number of immigrants who arrived in the United States last month was 25,918, against 32,097 during October, 1884.

—It is said at the Navy Department that the new steel cruisers Boston and Atlanta will be ready to receive their officers and crews about the first of March next, and that the cruiser Chicago will be launched at Chester about the third of December, but will hardly be ready for sea service before the end of next year.

—John Barclay and William Parsons were examining the barrel of a revolver in Huntington, Penna., on the 21st, when through careless handling the trigger was pulled and the ball entered Barkley's abdomen, making a wound of which he died on the 23d.

—The northeast storm of two days did great damage along the coasts of New Jersey and New York. In the interior of this State heavy snow fell, the depth of the snow along the Lehigh Valley and Reading Railroads, in the mountain districts, being two feet. Six inches of snow fell at Westminster, Maryland.

—The President on the 24th appointed Richard D. Lancaster to be Surveyor of Customs at St. Louis, and M. L. McCormack Secretary of Dakota.

—The commissions of William F. Harrity, as Postmaster for Philadelphia, William Hyde, as Postmaster for St. Louis, and George F. Herman, as Postmaster at Bethelem, Penna., were signed by the President on the 24th.

—It is said that the President's message is so far advanced that it will be completed several days before the meeting of Congress.

—Thomas A. Doyle was on the 24th re-elected Mayor of Providence, Rhode Island, by 3946 majority over Asa Lyon, Prohibitionist. The Republicans made no nomination. A majority of 826 was given for 1 cense.

—Solicitor McCue, of the Treasury Department, has left Washington for New York to confer with the United States District Attorney in regard to the prosecution of certain suits for refund of customs duties. About two thousand of these cases await trial.

—In the Circuit Court of Hamilton county, at Cincinnati, on the 25th, the election contest was decided in favor of the Republicans, Judge Cox delivering the opinion of the majority of the Court. The figures of the vote, as they should be after necessary corrections made, were announced, giving to the Republican candidates, from 33,473, the lowest, to 33,734, the highest, and to the Democratic candidates from 33,140, the lowest, to 33,417 the highest. Judge Smith delivered a dissenting opinion. In consequence of the decision of the Court certificates of election will be given to the four Republican candidates.

—Dr. J. A. Milne, a leading physician of Oswego, New York, was on the 25th fined $250, with the alternative of six months' imprisonment, for contempt of Court in refusing to testify in a criminal case. Dr. Milne pleaded as a defence for a refusal, that his testimony would involve the disclosure of professional secrets.

—Franklin S. Mills, for nine years Mayor of Trenton, New Jersey, dropped dead on the 25th of heart disease. General J. B. Stonehouse, Assistant Adjutant General of New York, died on the 25th in Washington.

—The Grant Monument Fund in New York on the 25th reached a total of $100,395,

—The local option election in Atlanta, Georgia, took place on the 25th. It resulted in the polling of 7000 votes, and a majority of 225 for prohibition. Prohibition will take effect on the last day of July next, when the existing licenses expire.

—The vote for Attorney General in Virginia has just been counted by the Board of State Canvassers, and shows a majority of 16,246 for Ayers, Democrat. The vote for Governor and Lieutenant Governor will not be canvassed until the Legislature meets next month.

—Vice President Hendricks died on the 25th at his residence in Indianapolis, of paralysis of the brain. He had been unwell for a few days. He was 66 years of age. The news of the Vice President's death has been received in his own city, in the capital of the nation and elsewhere with a deep feeling of sorrow. At a meeting of the Cabinet in Washington, it was resolved that the President and the Cabinet officers should attend the funeral in a body. The President has issued an executive order announcing the death of the Vice President, and directing that the flags be half-masted on all the public buildings of the United States, and that the Executive Departments in Washington be closed on the day of the funeral.

—Early on the 25th, a fire occurred in the Metropolitan Hotel in St. Louis. A woman jumped from a third-story window and died in a few minutes. One man was taken from his bed nearly suffocated and seriously burned.

—A dispatch from Montreal says there is to be another large mass meeting at St. Jerome to discuss the Riel question. Several prominent politicians from Montreal will make addresses. Le Trappeur Snowshoe Club has passed resolutions condemning the action of the Government.

—D. I. Murphy, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Chief Clerk of the Pension Bureau. He is promoted from Chief of the Board of Review.

—Hon. Edward Blake, leader of the Canadian opposition, is expected to return to Canada next month, his health being greatly improved.

—In the United States tin has been found in eight States, but in slight paying quantities, except in the Virginia mines.

—From 1334 to 1831 edicts as to dress were issued at Berlin. They forbade women without rank to wear silk dresses.

—Entire families are fleeing from Salt Lake City, being driven out by diphtheria.

A Path Leads all the Way.

I sit before my door at eve,
And looking westward slyly say,
Should I these garden precincts leave
And cross the meadows sweet with dew,
And climb the hills so deeply blue,
And follow still the setting day—

Still other gardens I should find,
And other meadows dewy sweet,
And still the summer roads would wind,
And still the patient earth would lead—
Though I a thousand miles should wend—
Herself unto my patient feet.

The rivers hide 'neath many a bridge,
The better pleased they greet the day;
There's guidance o'er the roughest ridge;
Aye, though 'tis thousand miles or more
To where she sits within the door,
There is a path leads all the way.

Oh, blessed land of the dear earth,
Betwixt us still, though wide we stray,
Thou seem'st to lessen thy great girth
In dusk and stillness for my feet;
Thy futile hinting yet is sweet;
There is a path that leads the way!

And at its end she sits the same,
With evening face serenely bright,
With lips that sweetly speak my name;
While through her look and smile there play
Suggestion still of holy ways,
That conquer parting, change and night.

BEFORE THE DUEL.

In society they used to speak of him as "that handsome Signolles." His title was Viscount Gontron-Joseph de Signolles.

Orphan and master of a large fortune, he made a conspicuous figure in the fashionable world. He had a fine appearance, a good deportment, a facility of speech sufficient to gain him the reputation of a wit, some natural grace, and an air of noble reserve, a brave mustache and soft eyes—just what women admire.

He was in demand at receptions, a desirable partner in a waltz, and he inspired the men with that sort of smiling confidence enjoyed by men who possess energetic faces. He was suspected of having had some of those amours which are supposed to do credit to a young bachelor. He lived happy, quietly, in the most absolute good moral standing. It was known that he was a good swordsman and a better shot.

"When I have to fight," he would say, "I choose pistols. With that weapon I am sure of killing my man."

Now, one evening, after having accompanied to the opera two young married ladies of his acquaintance, with their husbands, he invited the whole party after the performance to take some ice-cream at Tortoni's. They had been there only a few minutes, when he observed that a gentleman seated at a neighboring table was staring steadily at one of the ladies in the party. She seemed to feel annoyed, embarrassed, and kept her head down. At last she said to her husband:

"There is a man over there who keeps staring at me. I don't know him at all; do you?"

The husband, who had not noticed anybody; turned to look, and replied:

"No; I don't know him at all."

The young woman continued, half smiling, half angry:

"It is very annoying; that man spoils my ice cream."

The husband shrugged his shoulders.

"Nonsense; pay no attention to him. If we had to worry ourselves about all the insolent people we meet, there would never be an end of it."

But the viscount had suddenly risen. He could not permit that individual to destroy the enjoyment which he had offered. The insult was to him—inasmuch as it was through his invitation the party had entered the cafe. Therefore the affair concerned no one but he.

He approached the man, and said to him:

'Sir, you are staring at those ladies in a manner which I cannot tolerate. Will you be good enough to cease this staring at once!'

The other replied:

"You keep your mouth, will you?"

The viscount, setting his teeth, exclaimed:

"Take care, sir; you may compel me to violate politeness.

The stranger uttered only one word—one filthy word, that resounded from one end of the cafe, and made every one in the house start as if they had been set in motion by a spring. All who had their backs turned looked round; all the rest raised their heads; three waiters simultaneously whirled upon their heels like so many tops; the two women behind the counter started, and twisted themselves completely about, as if they were two puppets pulled by one string.

There was a great silence. Then a sudden sound clacked in the air. The viscount had slapped his adversary's face. Everybody jumped up to interfere, Cards were exchanged.

After the viscount returned home that night he began to walk up and down his room with great, quick strides. He was too much excited to think about anything. One solitary idea kept hovering in his mind—a duel—although the idea itself had not yet awakened any special emotion. He had done just what he ought to have done; he had behaved just as he ought to have behaved. He would be spoken of, would be approved, would be congratulated. He repeated aloud, speaking as men speak in great mental trouble:

"What a brute that man is!"

Then he sat down and began to think. He would have to procure seconds in the morning. Whom should he choose? He thought of all the most celebrated and most dignified men of his acquaintance. Finally he selected the Marquis de la Tour Noire and Col. Bourdin; a great nobleman and a great soldier—that would be just the thing. Their names would have weight in the newspapers. He suddenly discovered that he was thirsty, and he drank three glasses of water, one after another; then he began to walk up and down again. He felt full of energy. By showing himself to be plucky, ready for anything and everything, and by insisting upon rigorous and dangerous conditions—by demanding a serious, very serious, terrible duel, his adversary would be probably scared and make apologies.

He took up the man's card which he had drawn out of his pocket as he entered, and had flung on the table; and he read it over and over again, as he had already read it in the cafe; with a glance—and as he had read it in the carriage by every passing gaslight, "Georges Lamil, 51 Rue Moncey." Nothing more.

He examined the letters of this name, which seemed to him mysterious—full of vague significance. George Lamil? Who was the fellow? What did he do? What did he stare at the woman in that way for? Wasn't it disgusting to think that a stranger, a man nobody knew anything about, could worry a man's life in that way, just by taking a notion to fix his eyes insolently upon a woman's face. And the viscount repeated again aloud:

"What a brute that man is!"

Then he remained standing motionless, thinking, keeping his eyes still fixed upon the card. A rage arose within him against that bit of paper—a fury of hate mingled with a strange sense of uneasiness. It was a stupid mess, all this affair! He seized an open penknife lying beside him, and jabbed it into the middle of the printed name, as if he were stabbing somebody.

So he would have to fight! Should he choose swords or pistols—for he considered himself to be the party insulted. With swords he would run less risk; but by choosing pistols, he might be able to frighten his adversary into withdrawing the challenge. It is very seldom that a duel with swords is fatal, as a reciprocal prudence generally prevents the combatants from fencing at such close quarters that the blade can inflict a very deep thrust. With pistols his life would be seriously endangered, but again, he might be able to extricate himself from the difficulty with honor, and yet without an actual meeting.

He exclaimed:

"I must be firm. He will be afraid!"

The sound of his own voice made him start, and he looked around him. He felt very nervous. He drank another glass of water, and began to undress in order to go to bed.

As soon as he got into bed, he blew out the light and closed his eyes.

He thought: "I have the whole day to-morrow to arrange my affairs. The best thing I can do is to take a good sleep to settle my nerves."

He felt very warm between the sheets; and still he could not sleep. He turned over and over, and remained for five minutes on his back, then for five minutes on his right side; then he rolled over on his left side.

He felt thirsty again. He got up for a drink. Then a new anxiety came upon him:

'Is it possible that I would be afraid?'

Why did his heart start to beating so wildly at the least little familiar noise in his room? When the clock was about to strike, the click of the little spring rising up caused him a violent start, and he felt such a weight at his heart for several moments that he had to open his mouth in order to breathe.

He began to reason with himself on the possibility of the thing:

"Am I really afraid?"

No, certainly; how could a man be afraid since he was firmly resolved to carry out the affair to the very end, since he was fully decided to fight, and not to tremble. But he felt so profoundly disturbed inwardly that he kept asking himself:

"Can a man become afraid in spite of himself."

And this doubt, this suspicion, this terror grew upon him; suppose that a force more powerful than his will, an irresistible and mastering force should overpower him, what would happen? Of course he would appear on the ground, as he had made up his mind to do so. Yes; but what would happen? What if he should be afraid? What if he should faint? And he began to think of his position, of his reputation, of his name.

And a strange desire suddenly seized him to get up and look at himself in the glass. He relit his candle. When he saw his visage reflected in the mirror, he could hardly recognize himself; and it seemed as if he had never seen himself before. His eyes looked enormous and he was pale—certainly he was pale, very pale indeed!

He stood there in front of the mirror. He put out his tongue as if to certify the state of his health; and all at once this thought shot through him like a bullet:

"The day after to-morrow, at this very hour, perhaps I shall be dead!"

And his heart began to thump again, furiously.

"The day after to-morrow I shall, perhaps, be dead. This person here before me; this 'I' that I see in this glass will be no more. What! here I am. I looked at myself; I felt that I live, and in twenty-four hours I will be lying in that bed—dead, with eyes closed—cold, inanimate, gone from the world of the living."

He turned to look at the bed; and he distinctly saw himself lying there under the very same covers he had just left. His face had the hollowness of a dead face; his hands had the limpness of hands that will never move again.

Then he became afraid of his bed; and, in order to escape it, he went into his smoking-room. He took a cigar mechanically, lighted it, and began to walk up and down again. He felt cold, he started to ring the bell in order to awaken his valet-de-chamber; but stopped suddenly, even while his hand was raised to grasp the bell-cord.

"That man would see that I am afraid."

And he did not ring. He made the fire himself. His hands shook a little, with nervous trembling, whenever they touched anything. His mind wandered, his thoughts began to fly in confusion, brusque, painful; a sort of drunkenness came upon him, as if he had been swallowing liquor.

And over and over again he kept asking himself:

"What shall I do? What is going to become of me?"

His whole body shuddered with spasmodic quiverings; he rose, and going to the window, drew aside the curtains.

The dawn was breaking—a summer dawn. The rosy sky made rosy the city, the roofs and the walls. A great glow of soft light enveloped the awakening city, like the caress of the sunrise; and with its coming there passed into the viscount's heart a ray of hope, merry, quick, brutal! What a fool he was to have thus allowed himself to be worried by fear before anything at all had even been decided—before his seconds had seen those of George Lamil—before he so much as knew whether he would have to fight at all.

He made his toilet, dressed and walked out with a firm step.

As he went along, he kept repeating to himself:

"I must be energetic, very energetic, I must prove that I am not a bit afraid."

His witnesses, the marquis and the colonel, put themselves at his disposal; and after a hearty shake-hands, they began to discuss the conditions.

The colonel asked:

"Do you insist upon a serious duel?"

The viscount replied:

"Very serious."

The marquis asked:

"You wish pistols?"

"Yes."

"Well, we leave you free to regulate the rest."

The viscount articulated, in a dry, jerky voice:

"Twenty paces—to fire at the word—to fire on the rise, instead of on the fall. Balls to be exchanged until one or the other be seriously wounded."

The colonel exclaimed in a tone of satisfaction:

"Those are excellent conditios. You shoot well; and all the chances are in your favor."

And they departed on their errand. The viscount returned home to wait for their return. His excitement, temporarily appeased, now began to increase every minute. He felt all along his legs and arms, in his chest, a sort of shaking, a continual quivering; he found himself utterly unable to remain quiet in any one place, whether sitting or standing. His mouth felt as dry as if wholly devoid of saliva; and he clacked his tongue loudly every once in a while, as if trying to unfasten it from his palate.

He wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then the idea came to him to take a drink, in order to give himself courage; and he ordered a decanter of rum brought in, from which he helped himself to six small glasses, after one another.

A heat, as of a burn, passed through him, followed almost immediately by a sort of mental numbness. He thought: Here's the remedy. Now I am all right.'

But at the end of an hour, he had emptied the decanter; and his excitement became intolerable. He felt a mad wish to roll on the floor, to scream, to bite. Evening came.

A sudden pull at the door bell gave him such a sense of suffocation that he could not find strength to rise to receive his seconds.

He did not even dare to speak to them, not even to say "Good evening," or anything else, through fear that they might discover everything from the alteration of his voic.

The colonel said:

"Everything has been arranged according to the conditions you stipulated. Your adversary at first claimed, as the insulted party, his right to the choice of weapons, but he almost immediately after waived his claim, and accepted everything as you wished it. His seconds are two military men."

The viscount said:

"Thanks."

The marquis exclaimed:

"You must excuse us for only coming and going out again; but we have still a thousand things to do. We must secure a good surgeon, since the duel is to end only upon the serious wounding of one of the principals; and you know bullets are not things to joke about. Then we must settle upon a good place, near some house or other, to which we can carry the wounded party if necessary; and all that sort of thing. In short we've got two or three hours' work before us."

The viscount a second time articulated:

"Thanks."

The colonel asked:

"Well, you feel all right! you are cool?"

"Yes, very cool, thank you."

The two men retired.

When he found himself all alone again, he felt as if he were going mad. When his servant had lighted the lamps, he sat down at his table to write some letters. After having traced, at the head of a blank sheet of notepaper the words "This is my last will and testament," he rose to his feet with a sudden start and walked away, feeling incapable of putting two ideas together, of making any resolution, or deciding about anything whatsoever.

So, he was going to fight! There was no getting out of it now! What was the matter with him? He wished to fight; he had the firm intention of fighting; he had resolved upon it; and nevertheless he clearly felt, in spite of his utmost determination, in spite of the utmost tension of his will, that he could not possibly find the force necessary to enable him to go as far as the place of meeting. He tried to picture the scene in his mind—his own attitude and the deportment of his adversary.

From time to time his teeth chattered with a little dry noise. He wanted to read, and took up Chateauvillard's Code du Duel. Then he asked himself:

"Does my adversary frequent the shooting galleries? Is he known? Is his name published anywhere? How can I find out?"

He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on the expert pistol shots, and he went through it from one end to the other. Georges Lamil's name was not mentioned in it. But still if that man was not a good shot, he would never have been so prompt to accept a duel under such fatal conditions, with so dangerous a weapon.

As he walked up and down he stopped before a little round table on which lay one of Gastinne Renette's well-know pistol cases. He took out one of the pistols, placed himself in the position of a man about to fire, and raised his arm. But he trembled from head to foot, so that the barrel of the pistol quivered and pointed in all directions.

Then he said to himself:

It is simply impossible. I shall never be able to fight as I am now."

He looked down the muzzle of the barrel, into the little deep black hole which spits out death; he thought of dishonor, of whisperings in the salons, of laughter at the clubs, of the contempt that women can show, of allusions in newspapers, of the open insults he would receive from cowards.

Still he stared at the weapon, and, pulling back the hammer, he suddenly observed a cap shining under it, like a tiny red flame. The pistol had remained loaded, by some chance, some forgetfulness. And the discovery filled him with a confused and inexplicable joy.

If he could not maintain before the other man, the cool and dignified deportment which behooves him, then he would be ruined forever. He would be stained, branded with the stamp of infamy, driven out of society! And that calm, fearless attitude he would not be able to have; he knew it; he felt certain of it. Yet he was brave enough since he wanted to fight! He was brave since—But the half-shaped thought never completed itself in his mind; for, suddenly opening his mouth as wide as he could, he thrust the muzzle of the pistol in, back to his very throat, and pulled the trigger.

When the valet-de-chambre, startled by the report of the pistol, ran in, he found his master lying on his back, dead. A gush of blood had spattered over the white paper on the table, and formed a great red blot immediately underneath the words:

"This is my last will and testament."

The Rats of Looe.

A mile or so out at sea rises a green triangularly-shaped eminence, called Looe Island. Several years since a ship was wrecked on the Island, but not only were the crew saved, but several free passengers of the rat species, who had got on board nobody knew how, where, or when, were also preserved by their own strenuous exertions, and wisely took up permanent quarters for the future on the terra firma of Looe Island. In course of time these rats increased and multiplied, and, being confined all around within certain limits by the sea, soon became a palpable and tremendous nuisance. Destruction was threatened to the agricultural produce of all the small patches of cultivated land on the island—it seemed doubtful whether any man who ventured there by himself might not share the fate of Bishop Hatto and be devoured by rats. Under these circumstances the people of Looe decided to make one determined and united effort to extirpate the whole colony of invaders. Ordinary means of destruction had been tried already, and without effect. It was said that the rats left for dead on the ground, had mysteriously revived faster than they could be picked up and skinned or cast into the sea. Rats desperately wounded had got away into their wholets, and became convalescent, and increased and multiplied again more productively than ever. The great problem was, not how to kill the rats, but how to annihilate them so effectually that the whole population might certainly know that the reappearance of even one of them was altogether out of the question. This was the problem, and it was solved practically and triumphantly in the following manner: All the inhabitants of the town were called to join in a great hunt. The rats were caught by every conceivable device, and straightway eaten with vindictive relish by the people of Looe. Never was any invention for destroying rats so complete and so successful as this. Every man, woman, and child that could eat could swear to the death and annihilation of all the rats they had eaten. The local returns of dead rats were not made by the bills of mortality, but by the bills of fare. It was getting rid of a nuisance by the unheard-of process of stomaching it.

A New Scheme.

A young postmaster of a village postoffice was hard at work when a gentle tap was heard upon the door, and in stepped a bashful maiden of 16 with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it to the official with a bashful smile, who, after closely examining it, handed her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you $3 and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl he said: "Now I have paid you the the money and I suppose you want the kisses."

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses, I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner at that, and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there were a taste upon them she never encountered before.

After she arrived home she remarked to her mother: "Eh, mother, but this postoffice system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature added seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."

Sad-faced Humorists.

A glance at Bill Arp's melancholy face the other day suggested the query: Why are all humorists gloomy? The greatest English wits and humorists lived lives of work and pain. Artemus Ward always seemed to be on the verge of tears. M. Quad, who comes down this way nearly every winter, is the most disconsolate and uncomfortable looking tourist ever seen in this section. Josh Billings had the air of a man who has just seated himself on a tack. Petroleum V. Nasby looks fighting mad all the time. Mark Twain wears the injured look of a bad boy who has been pulled out of bed to see uncongenial company. Sut Livingood, who knocked about Atlanta a little at the beginning of the war, was a grum and saturnine looking man. They are all alike. They don't seem to enjoy life. Why is it?

"Cast thy Bread upon the Waters."

'Mid the losses and the gains;
'Mid the pleasures and the pains;
'Mid the hopings and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repeat this passage o'er—
We believe yet more and more—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Gold and silver, like the sands,
Will keep slipping through our hands
Jewels gleaming like a spark,
Will be hidden in the dark;
Sun and moon and stars will pale,
But these words will never fail—
Bread upon the waters cast,
Shall be gathered at the last.

Soon like dust to you and me,
Will our earthly treasure be;
But the loving word and deed
To a soul in bitterest need,
They will unforgotten be,
They will live eternally—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Fast the moments slip away,
Soon our mortal powers decay,
Lower and lower sinks the sun,
What we do must soon be done,
Then what rapture if we hear
Thousand voices ringing clear—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

A prisoner had escaped from Dartmoor Prison. During a dense fog, which had suddenly enveloped a working convict-gang, one of them—a man notorious for being perhaps the most desperate character amongst the many desperate ones there—had contrived to escape, and, for the present at all events, had eluded capture.

It was not a particularly pleasant piece of news for us to hear, considering that we had attracted by a very tempting advertisement, taken a small house for the summer months not very far distant from the famous prison itself. We were tired of seaside places; it seemed as if we should enjoy a change from our everyday life in London more, if we were in some quiet seciuded spot far from 'uncompromising' landladies, crowds of over-dressed people, and bands of music. Every day we scanned the papers, with a view to discovering something to suit us; and our patience was at last rewarded by coming across the following advertisement, to which I promptly replied: "To be let for the summer months, a charming cottage, beautifully situated on the borders of Dartmoor, containing ample accommodation for a small family, with every convenience; a good garden and tennis-lawn; also the use of a pony and trap, if required; and some choice poultry. Terms to a careful tenant, most moderate. Apply to A. B., Post-office, &c.'

The answer to my inquiries arrived in due time; and everything seemed so thoroughly satisfactory, that I induced my husband to settle upon taking the place for three months, without a personal inspection of it previously. The terms were two pounds ten shillings a week, and that was to include the use of the pony-trap, the poultry and several other advantages not set forth in the advertisement. The only drawback—rather a serious one—was that Mr. Challacombe, to whom the place belonged, had informed me that it was about three miles from a station. However, with the ponytrap always at hand, even that did not seem an insuperable objection. He expatiated upon the beauty of the scenery; the perfect air from the heather-clad moors; and lastly, requested an early decision from us, as several applicants for the Cottage were already in the field.

To be brief, we agreed to take it; and on a scorching day in July, our party—consisting of two maid-servants, my husband, and myself, and our only olive branch, a most precious little maiden of three years old—started from Paddington Station *en route* for Exeter, where we were to branch off for our final destination, Morleigh Cottage. The Pony-trap was to meet us; and Mr. Challacombe had promised that we should find everything as comfortable as he could possibly arrange; and as sundry hampers had preceded us, I had no fears as to settling down cosily as soon as we should arrive.

The journey to Exeter by an express train was by no means tedious; we rather enjoyed it. As our branch train slowly steamed into the wayside station, we seemed to be the only passengers who wished to alight; and presently we found ourselves, with the exception of a solitary porter, the sole occupants of the platform. At one end of it lay a goodly pile of our luggage, which the said porter had in a very leisurely manner extracted from the van.

The pony-trap was to meet us; and as Mr. Challacombe had assured us it would not only hold four grown-up people and a child, but a fair amount of *impedimenta*, we were under no anxiety as to how we should reach Morleigh Cottage.

'Is there anything here for us? my husband inquired of the porter.

'No, sir; not that I know of.'

'From Morleigh Cottage?' Jack explained.

'No, sir,' he repeated. 'But chance it may come yet.'

'Chance, indeed,' I echoed in a low tone. 'It will be too disgraceful, Jack, if Mr. Challacombe has forgotten to desire the carriage to be sent.'

We both proceeded to the other side of the station, and gazed through the fast-falling twilight up a narrow road, down which the porter informed us the pony-trap was sure to come, if it was coming at all—which did not seem probable, after a dreary half-hour's hopeless waiting for it.

In the meanwhile, we beguiled the time by asking the porter some leading questions with regard to the surroundings, &c., of Morleigh Cottage; all of which he answered with a broad grin on his sunburnt healthy face.

'How far is the Cottage from here?' Jack inquired.

'Better than six miles.'

'Six miles!' I exclaimed!—'O Jack, Mr. Challacombe said it was about three.'

'It's a good step more than that,' observed the porter, with a decided nod of the head.

'Is it a very pretty place?' I said interrogatively.

'It isn't bad for them as likes it,' was the guarded and somewhat depressing response.

I felt my spirits sink to zero. I had persuaded Jack to take it; he had suggested that we should go to see it first; but the advertisement had been so tempting, and the idea of the other longing applicants had made me so keen to secure it, that I felt whatever it was like, I must make the best of it, and contrive that Jack at least should not repent of having been beguiled by me into, as he expressed it, taking 'a pig in a poke.'

'The pony-carriage is sure to come,' I said in a confident way, once more straining my eyes up the deserted road. As I uttered the word 'pony-carriage' I detected a distinct grin for the second time on the man's face, which was presently fully accounted for by the appearance of our equippage coming jolting down the deeply rutted road. Imagine a tax-cart of the shabbiest, dirtiest description, with bare boards for seats, and the bottom strewn with straw; the pony, an aged specimen, shambling along, with a harness in which coarse pieces of rope predominated. It was a pony-*trap*, with a vengeance.

I could almost have cried when it drew up, and I saw Jack's critical eye running over allits shortcomings. And it was all my fault.

It was too late to recede from our bargain now; all that we could do was to bundle into the horrible machine, and endure as we best could an hour's martyrdom driving to Morleigh Cottage.

Our groom was a civil boy of about fifteen, clad in ordinary working clothes. He managed to sit on the shaft or somewhere, and to drive us back, as Jack of course had no idea of the direction, and, judging from the solitariness of the scene, we should not have been wise to depend upon chance passers-by to direct us.

Arrived at last, we found the Cottage was just two shades better than the trap. It was a tiny abode, as desolately situated as was possible to conceive; the only redeeming point about it being that it was clean.

The next morning, which happened to be a very wet misty one, we surveyed our garden and domain generally. The tennis-lawn was spacious enough, and the garden, to do Mr. Challacombe justice, was well stocked; but the place itself was like the city of the dead—so silent, so quiet, so lonely.

But the weather improved, we got out most of the day, which rendered us very independent of the low-roofed rooms. Jack and I took long walks, and occasionally utilized the pony-trap, taking with us our little Rose and her nurse.

We began to think soon of asking some of our relations to visit us; and the first to whom I sent an invitation was an elderly cousin, who resided in London, and who was in rather delicate health. I candidly explained the out-of-the-way nature of the place we were in, but descanted upon the great pleasure it would be to have her, and my entire conviction that the air would do her an immense amount of good. She came; and it was very fortunate for me that she did so, as three days after a telegram had reached us requesting my husband to lose no time in returning to town, in consequence of one of his partners being taken ill. It was raining when he left us; and I watched the wretched shandrydan disappear down the road with feelings I could scarcely repress—a sense of foreboding evil seemed to oppress me. I tried in vain to shake it off, but only partly succeeded in doing so. Cousin Susan endeavored to console me by reminding me constantly that Jack had promised to return in a day or two.

Jack had just been gone for one week, when Rose's nurse, a pleasant girl of about twenty, came to my room and informed me of the occurrence I have already alluded to—'A prisoner had escaped.'

Nothing could have frightened me more, and I was afraid it might alarm Cousin Susan, so I charged Margaret on no account to let it reach her ears. Very likely, even now the man was captured; it was rare, indeed, that a convict ever escaped; but I had heard stories of their eluding capture, until, driven by sheer starvation, they often surrendered themselves to any stray passer-by, to whom the reward might or might not be of some consequence.

That very morning, we had arranged to drive to rather a distant spot to get some ferns. I would fain have deferred the expedition; but Cousin Susan was already preparing for it, so I could only have postponed it by giving my reasons; and the chance of encountering the convict seemed too small to risk terrifying her to tell her of it all.

It was a lovely morning when we started, and Cousin Susan became quite enthusiastic over the 'frowning tors and wind-swept moors.'

'Don't you admire them, Helen,' she said.

'They are very grand,' I admitted.

'Oh, so lovely, so wild!' said Susan.

I was glad she liked them.

The ferns were to be found in a sort of ravine, which was reached by a narrow lane; on one side was almost a precipice, overhanging a streamlet, now nearly dry, but one which the winter rains soon transformed into a torrent; on the other side was a wood, composed principally of stunted oak trees, with hardly any foliage and singularly small; but all around the trees was a thick sort of underwood.

We had left Tom the stable boy with the trap by the roadside, and I had privately resolved not to let my cousin penetrate farther into the ravine than I could help? but she was so charmed with its wealth of rare ferns that she skipped from one point to another with an amount of dexterity and nimbleness I had never before given her credit for.

'I do think we might collect quite a hamperful, Helen,' she said, kneeling down as she spoke to dig up a root most energetically.

'We had better come another day, then,' I responded. 'I don't want to be late getting back, so if you don't mind just taking a few specimens—when Jack is with us we can come again.'

'Now or never!' gaily rejoined my cousin, little imagining how soon her own words were to be applicable to ourselves. She pounced joyfully upon her ferns, and had collected quite a small heap, when I suggested that we had better tell Tom to tie thepony to a gate, and come up and carry them down for her.

'O no!' said Cousin Susan. 'I will carry them myself. Do help me here just a minute, Helen.'

By this time we were some distance up the ravine; the walk was narrow and winding; we had gone farther than ever I had intended. I bent down to give her the assistance she wanted in raising up some lovely lichen from the trunk of a dead tree. As I did so, my eyes wandered some distance from where we were standing toward a fallen tree, I fancied—perhaps it was only fancy—I knew I was in a very nervous state, and apt to imagine, but I fancied I saw a movement just beyond the tree—it was within twenty paces of us. I felt my face grow icy cold; my veins seemed chilling; for a moment I feared I was going to faint. Death must be something like what I felt on that sunny day in August when I stood in the Devonshire ravine with my unconscious cousin. I looked again. There it was more distiently visible than ever—a line of drab colored clothing, and presently a side view of the most villainous looking countenance it was ever my fortune to behold. If I could, without alarming her, get my cousin to retrace her steps about ten yards, we should have turned a corner, and then I could tell her enough to hurry her onward. I knew she was nervous—more so, perhaps, than myself; but I knew we were in imminent peril while in such close proximity to this desperate and, from his very escape, doubly desperate man.

'Susan,' I said—my voice seemed so hard and dry and strange!—'you have passed all the best here.'

'O no; I haven't,' said Susan joyously, approaching two steps nearer the crouching convict.

'Am I to throw these away?' I continued, holding out one of the best specimens, and, as carelessly and indifferently as I could, moving one, two, three steps nearer the corner.

'No; of course not,' she exclaimed, hurrying toward me now. 'Why, Helen, what are you thinking of?"

I moved a few more steps on; and in a few more, Susan and I would both be out of sight of that fallen tree.

'There is a much better one here,' I said, keeping my face well averted, for I felt if she looked at me she would see its ashy paleness.

'Where?' she asked. 'Wait a minute, and I'll come for it.' To my horror, she retraced her steps toward the heap of ferns, and carefully counted them, whilst I waited in a state of terror words cannot describe. But she came at last, and I tottered with her around the fatal corner.

'Don't be frightened,' I said; but come quickly; ask no questions. Do as I tell you Susan.'

She paused, affrighted. 'Good gracious, Helen, have you seen a wild beast?"

'Worse,' I murmured, 'Do not run, but lose no time.'

I ventured to glance behind. Nothing was visible; but every moment was precious we must reach the pony trap and Tom. Once all together, the convict would surely not venture to attack us, and I knew that being on the high road, alone would in itself insure our safety But we have not reached it yet; a long rough narrow path had to be traversed. If the man suspected we had seen him, nothing would be easier than for him to overtake us and make short work of us. I thought of Jack, of Rose, of my happy life. Everything seemed to float through my mind as I half led, half dragged Susan after me. We had gone perhaps a shade more than half way, when I once more turned round, in the distance, on the path over which we had just passed. To my unutterable consternation, I beheld the convict hurrying toward us.

'Run, Susan! I panted—'run for your life!'

Another twist in the road hid us momentarily from his; but I knew he was after us, running now as fast as, or perhaps a good deal faster than we were, though we were now both of us flying along at apace which only the peril we were in could have enabled us to sustain.

'For your life!' I repeated. 'Run, Susan!'

I held her hand. Narrow as was the path, we managed to struggle onwards together and to keep ahead of our pursuer. Mercifully, we had had a good start; and it had only been on second thoughts, some minutes after we had disappeared, that the man had elected to follow us. I felt if I once let Susan's hand go, she would be lost. She stumbled, and once she nearly fell; but she recovered herself well; and though panting terribly showed no signs of succumbing.

But he was overtaking us. I heard him coming faster and faster, nearer. I heard him breathing behind us, and I felt another instant and he would be upon us.

"Help!' I shrieked.

'Help!' echoed poor exhausted Susan, in a still shriller treble.

I heard an oath, awful in its profanity, hurled at us; but steps seemed to pause.

'Help! help!' I shrieked again.

We plunged forwards. I heard as in the distance the sound of horses' feet galloping toward us. Another moment and we were on the high road; Susan speechless, her dress half torn off her with our terrible race, her hat gone, andotherwise in a dishevelled condition; I feeling faint and sick—but safe—thank God! both of us quite safe—with not only Tom, seated in the shandrydan, staring in mute amazement at us, but with three stalwart mounted warders, who were even then in quest of the convict.

They captured him an hour afterwards, after a terrific struggle, which was made all the more terrible from the fact of his having possessed himself of a knife, with which he attempted to stab the warders.

Jack came back the next day; and as his partner's illness had assumed rather a serious aspect, he told me he must give up Morleigh Cottage, and we could finish our holiday at Eastbourne or some place nearer town. 'I never could leave you here again, my darling,' he said; 'after such an escape, I can't risk another.' So we all, Cousin Susan included returned to our cosy house in Seymour Street, and afterwards proceeded to the seaside, where in due time Susan and I both fully recovered from the shock we had received in that Devonshire ravine.

A Curious Tribe.

The report of the President in the State of Selangore, in the Malay Peninsula, for the last year contains some curious information with regard to the "aboriginal tribes" called the Sakeis, who number between 700 and 800. They are in nine divisions, under headmen called Batins, and they live mainly by collecting gutta, rattans and other jungle produce. As far as is known they have no form of religious worship, but they are very superstitious, believing in good and bad omens, the sacred character of certain birds, and they always desert a village as unlucky on the death of any member of the tribe. They tattoo figures on their arms, but do not not use any specially significant figures, peculiar to each tribe, analogous to the totems of the North American Indians. They consider no kind of edible food unclean, but eat even monkeys, snakes and scorpions, which they kill by means of a blow-pipe, throwing a dart poisoned with the juice of the ipoh or upas tree. For large game they use a kind of cross-bow, consisting of a sharpened bamboo spear placed horizontally on a grooved log, and a bent sapling fastened back by a rattan cord. This cord is stretched across a path in the jungle, and on being touched releases the sapling with sufficient force to drive it completely through a deer's body. The Sakeis live in small huts built of bamboo and thatched with leaves of the Bertram palm, raised eight feet or more aboue the ground. They are shy and easily frightened, but are quite harmless, and are gradually becoming accustomed to Europeans, by whom they are employed to track game and to cut paths through the jungle. They are small in stature, but are otherwise very similar in appearance to the Malays, from whom they differ, however, in usually having wavy instead of straight-growing hair. A few Malays are attached to every Sakel community to act as go-betweens in the sale of their produce, and the officials have received special instructions to protect these aboriginal tribes.

Artificial Stones.

The ruby and sapphire have been closely imitated by Fremy and Feil, French chemists, and the chief interest in this processs is the fact that the artificial stones possess essentially the chemical composition of the real ones. To produce these equal weights of alumina and red lead are heated to a red heat in an earthenware crucible. A vitreous substance is formed, which consists of silicate of lead and crystals of white corundum. To convert this corundum into the artificial ruby it is necessary to fuse it with about 2 per cent. of bichromate of potassium, while, to obtain the sapphire, a little oxide of cobalt and a very small quantity of bichromate of potassium must be employed. The stones so produced possess at least very near the hardness of the real stones, as they scratch both quartz and topaz. The French "paste" which imitates the diamond so closely is a peculiar kind of glass, the manufacture of which was brought to a great degree of perfection some 50 years ago by Donault-Wieland of Paris. The finest quality of paste demands extreme care in the choice of materials and in melting, &c. The basis of it, in the hands of the expert manufacturer just named, was powdered rock crystal or quartz. The proportions he took were—six ounces of rock crystal; nine ounces two drams of red lead, three ounces three drams of pure carbonate of potash; three drams of boracic acid, and six grains of white arsenic. The product thus manufactured was extremely beautiful, but rather expensive, compared with the prices now charged for artificial jewels. It has never been surpassed in brilliancy, but of late years the greater purity of the potash and lead oxide used, and improvements in the furnaces and methods of heating them, have all tended to reduce the price of the "diamonds" thus manufactured.

Suspended Animation.

An extraordinary case of suspended animation is reported from Dalton-in-Furness. A girl named Newell, after an illness of three weeks' duration, apparently died. She was placed in a coffin, and the hour that had been fixed for the funeral was drawing near, when she gave signs of returning vitality. A doctor was summoned, and the young woman is now said to be recovering. A little more than a year ago a somewhat similar phenomenon occurred at Wembdon, near Bridgewater. A laborer named George Chilcot fell down suddenly on the 5th of September, 1884, and when picked up seemed to be dead. It was supposed that he had died from heart disease, and preparations were made for the man's funeral. The Vicar of Wembdon, however, saw the body and was not entirely satisfied that death had taken place. He therefore refused to bury the supposed corpse, but allowed it to be placed in its coffin. on the 8th movements of the body were observed, a doctor was called in, and Chilcott was taken back to his home. At the end of eight days he recovered consciousness, and finally he regained to a great extent his normal health. These and dozens of well authenticated instances which might be cited seem to suggest that soon after animation has apparently departed it may often be within the power of science to revive it. Newell and Chilcot began to recover unaided by any artificial stimulus, and in spite of the disadvantageous conditions in which they were left, and it is but natural to suppose that other apparent corpses might be, as it were, called back to life if help were at hand. There are probably many illnesses in which the patient should not be despaired of until long after the breathing has ceased and the pulses have stopped beating.

FASHION NOTES.

—Furs will be worn to a greater extent than ever this winter, as soon as real cold weather sets in.

—Capes with sleeves are seen among short and light wraps for mild days in November and December.

—Silk and velvet dresses are coming to the front again as the proper stuffs for toilets for all sorts of occasions.

—Silk dresses never go out of fashion. The limitations of their uses for certain occasions are only more defined.

—Necklaces composed of many strands of large pearls are much worn with low bodices at evening entertainments.

—Rough goods fabrics to look well must be lined and faced with silk to match or harmonize with the colors of the wool stuff.

—Embroidered woolen laces are worn in as great excess as in the summer. They are now adorned and transformed with embroidery in color and tinsel.

—A fine gauze lisle thread white stocking should always be worn under a black or colored stocking, no matter whether of silk, lisle thread, or cashmere wool.

—Black stockings are worn with all sorts of street, carriage, indoor, reception, and evening dresses, when the hosiery is not necessarily of the color of the frock or its accessories

—Tucks and overlapping folds are the correct skirt finish for brides' dresses. The train is made part of the overdress, which is faced with Malines lace and turned back *en revers* in front.

—Black underskirts of satin, silk, wool, alpaca, and satine will be worn, as a rule, next to the dress skirt this winter, along with plain black silk or black lisle thread or black cashmere stockings.

—There is a craze for passementeries. But they come in new forms from cords knotted like a Franciscan's girdle to "motifs," plaques, and medallions as intricately wrought as antique faces or mediæval cut work.

—Bonnets of felt, cut in narrow strips, and braided after the manner of coarse straw, are novelties. They are cottage shape, faced with velvet and trimmed with velvet, silk or satin ribbon, or feathers and birds. They are to be worn with costumes of rough material.

—Bands of trimming embroidered in crewel, silk and fine rosary beads are very elegant and costly, being $16 to $18 per yard, while the embroidered beaded fronts are $75 to $150 each. Colored passementeries, and fringes in both colored and white beads are popular and elegant.

—Sleeves may reach a little below the elbows and be finished either with three closely set cords, or with a bias band of plain material tied in a soft knot with the ends passing around the sleeve. A fall of lace of medium width is set inside the sleeve.

—Gloves vary with the length of the sleeves, which they should meet in all cases. Very light tan is popular, but the best taste seems to demand the use of cream white or a pale lemon shade, and there are many selections made in pearl and putty shades.

—There are many pretty and practical styles in children's millinery. There are the downiest, daintiest little hoods and caps imaginable for very young children, that are made of knitted wool or of plush or embroidered cassimere, or even light qualities of felt, and finished with bows of ribbon and ruches of plaited lace.

—Nearly all of the best dresses have from one to three rows of very narrow side-plaiting at the bottom of the skirt. No trimming is provided for the waist or sleeves in these most expensive goods, although several dresses have been made with a row of the plush cut from the breadth and used as sleeve and waist garniture. This is not, however, to be commended for obvious reasons.

—Beaded nets are used for overdresses or panels, and fine tulle with drops of pearl, crystal or colored beads are used for draperies over silk or satin. Tulle and fine gauze or mull with various embroideries, drops, tinsel brocading, and tufts like small chestnut burrs, come in all desirable evening shades. White crape, *crepe de Chine* and real China crape, both plain and embroidered, are in high favor.

—Girls from 6 to 10 years of age wear small turbans made of goods like the dress, with a wing or bird in front and roll of silk or ribbon around the crown. Round felt hats with conical crowns are also in favor and similarly trimmed. Among the most desirable felt hats for misses are those with crown and brim of different colors. Some of them have a gray crown and cardinal brim, others are gray and white, gray and navy blue and other pretty combinations. The trimming usualy matches the brim in general color.

—Plush brocaded velvet, *frise* plush striped in watered effects alternating with *frise* plush in point lace patterns, and graduated plush effects in the greatest profusion are among the most popular of winter full-dress materials. Satin brocades, while they are worn to a certain extent, and always will be, are not by any means as prominent for rich evening wear as they have heretofore been. The various effects of plush, *frise* and velvet, on a ground of faille Francaise or Bengaline, or of plush or *frise* upon a velvet ground are preferred for the most elegant and expensive toilets of ceremony or full evening dress.

—Bonnets of rich velvet or plush are increasing in favor, being preferred to those of the bizarre embroidered or woven materials worn in the early part of the season. Gold, jet, and iridescent beads of all shapes are used in profusion on the bonnets. They are sewed on in a variety of designs. One of the latest fancies is to have the bonnet covered with tiny iridescent metal flies. There seems to be no one shape that takes precedence, although capotes are as popular as ever. Among hats the English walking hat, with rather tall tapering crown and rolled brim, is the favorite.

HORSE NOTES.

—A new grand-stand, capable of holding 10,000 people, will be erected next year at the Mount Holly (N. J.) Fair Grounds.

—Anteeo beat Adair in straight heats over the Bay District Course, San Francisco, Cal., on October 30. Time—2.16¼, 2.20, 2.19.

—Lewis Bros., Woodlake, Ky., have sold to H. Cunningham, Knoxville, Ia., Advance, b. c., 2.40, by Onward, dam King Rene, for $2000.

—C. J. Clarke, of Pittsburg, has purchased the b. m. Lena Swallow, 2.19, by Blue Bull. She will be driven double with Belle of Lexington, record 2.20¾.

—B. J. Treacy's b. f. c. Bermuda is no doubt the fastest 2-year old in the world. When 2 years 4 months and 10 days old he trotted a mile in 2.26½.

—J. I. Case has sold the b. s. Princess Sprague, by Governor Sprague out of Novel, by Princeps, to Nathan Case, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., for $2500.

—Crit Davis has six 2-year-olds by Messenger Chief that can trot in 2.50 or better. One of them, Katherine S., out of Forest Maid, can show a 2.30 gait.

—Blue Bull, up to date is credited with forty-nine sons and daughters with record of 2.30 or better, and four pacers, making a total of fifty-three performers.

—Jay-Eye-See will be taken to Racine, Wis., for the winter some day soon. He is at present at Cleveland, O., under Bither's care.

—James Frankau, the actor, who is playing with Minnie Maddern, was the guest of Dan Strouse at the Gentlemen's Driving Course recently.

—A. J. McCrea, Cleveland, O., has sold C Teufel, Chicago, for $1700, the bay 3-year-old colt Bellringer, by Belmont, dam by Stephen A. Douglas.

—A. J. Alexander, of Woodburn Farm, Woodford county has sold to Robert Steele, Philadelphia, a weanling b. c. by Onward, dam full sister to Wedgewood, for $1000.

—A. I. Briggs, Russelville, Ky., has sold to Thomas Redman, Jr., a weanling b. f. by Onward, dam by Almont second dam by Alexander's Abdallah, third dam by Robert Bruce, for $500.

—Mr. Cohnfield drove Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium a mile in 2.20½ at New York on the 7th. Mr. Schwartz accompanied by a friend drove Adelaide and Charley Hogan a mile in 2.28 the same day.

Messrs. Bair and Phipps at Belmont Course have a handsome pair of elks. Miss Nellie Burke, the great chariot driver, said to Mr. Bair that if he got them going steadily they could beat the great Maud S. trotting.

—Thomason & Redman, Frankfort Ky., have sold to N. P. Pepper a yearling b. f. by Onward, dam by Hamlin's Almont, Jr., for $700; also a bay weanling colt by Onward, dam by Hamlin's Almont, Jr., for $800.

—J. W. Gray, Marine Mills, Minn., has purchased from William H. Barbrick, a one-third interest in the pacing gelding Mike Wilkes, together with one-third interest of the sulky, harness and boots belonging to him, also one-third of his earnings for the season 1885 for $2000.

—Ferd Archer's record to November 7 were 610 mounts of which 233 were wins; C. Wood second, with 141 wins out of 531 mounts, and Barrett third, with 104 wins out of 553 mounts. Archer's record in 1883 was 232 wins and in in 1884 242 wins.

—George A. Singerly's Prince Wilkes which won the Kentucky Blue Grass stakes for 4-year-olds, has been let up on for the winter. Crit Davis, his trainer and driver, says that the Prince is in elegant shape, and should make a great 5-year-old.

—W. L. Jones has bought from James Murphy the thoroughbred Harrigan three years old by Lisbon, dam Ellen Gorin. Murphy, long Superintendendent of the Lexington, Ky., race track, will train for J. B. Higgin, of California, and is selling off his horses.

—The trotting dates claimed so far for next year are: Albany, N. Y., June 15 to 18; Cleveland, O., July 29 to August 1; Rochester, N. Y., August 12 to 15; Utica, N. Y., August 19 to 22; Albany N. Y., August 26 to 29; Cleveland, O., September 16 to 19; St. Louis, October 7 to 12.

—Messenger was imported as a running horse. Trotting horses had not been heard of in the year 1788. The Messenger horses were trained for running in the English fashion. As to Messenger himself he lived to a good old age and died suddenly of a colic in 1808 on Long Island, where he was at that time owned. He was probably the only horse in any country or of any time who was buried with military honors. A volley of musketry was fired over his grave.

—It is strange what small snags turn the current of destiny. Running horses were developing in Pennsylvania in the early days of the republic. Messenger was first taken to Bucks county and kept there a number of years. All went swimmingly on, when unexpectedly the legislature of Pennsylvania passed a law prohibiting horse racing. That threw the fanciers of the noble sport topsy turvy. What next? If horses could not be run, they might at least trot though that was but poor fun. So the development of the trotter began.

—The 7th was a bright and cheerful day, and a number of gentlemen dropped in the Gentleman's Driving Course, Philadelphia, to speed their horses. Among them was David Nichols, who drove his b. m. Tempest and mate a mile to a two-seat top wagon in 2.44½. George A. Singerly sent the b. m. Messenger Girl half a mile in 1.22. John Condon was there with his big bay gelding. Charlie Kendrick was sending Murdock K. John Cook attempted to speed his roan and mate, but his wagon pole was too short. Colonel Snowden and Harry Johnson were together behind a bay and a sorrel. The Colonel may be looking for a mate for Nora Temple. There were also a number of other gentlemen on the track speeding.

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☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

BUSH ARCADE. BUSH ARCADE

Children's Jersey Caps at 15, 25, 30 and 35 cents.

Cashmere Hose for Ladies, full regular made, at 25 cents, in colors and black.

Our Cloths—Trico Home-spun and Jamestown goods are selling rapidly.

By the way we can show you the finest line of 1¼ yard wide Cloths and Trico you ever saw. Our price is 55 cents; not one week 60c, next week 50c, but each week alike—55 cents.

Dress Braids from an ⅛ of an inch to 3 inches wide.

Wool Laces in all colors and widths.

Fedora Buckles and Clasps for dresses.

Wrap Fringes in all shades. Our line is acknowledged to be the finest.

Velvet Ribbon in pink, blue, cardinal and common colors—satin back.

D. GARMAN & SON.

Bush Arcade, - - Bellefonte.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——ORIENTAL is the best in the market.

——Dinges quotes an other lot of prices. See adv't.

——Whole pepper ground to order at Murray's drug store. tf

——Beef is selling at 6 cents by the side, pork at 4½ to 5 dressed.

——Mifflinburg manufacturers expect to build 700 sleighs this season.

——All the best cough drops in the market at Murray's drug store. tf

——Started to rain on Tuesday evening, rained all night and next day.

——Governor Pattison says he will not call an extra session of the Legislature.

——The new tax law appears to be very unpopular in nearly every county in the state.

— The ice on Mann's axe factory dam was thick enough on Tuesday for men to skate on.

——J. G. Kurtz, of Milton, paid a few days visit to relatives in Aaronsburg and Centre Hall.

——Corn meal *grists* will be ground at the Centre Hall roller mill, Tuesday and Saturday of each week. tf

——Sunday was cold and a raw wind blowing all day. Really winter seems to have set in in earnest.

——Last week's snow still lingers on our mountain sides and serves as a cover for some fields.

——Christmas, New Year and Birthday cards from 2 to 75 cents, at Murray's drug store. tf

——B. H. Arney, collector of school-tax, has a notice in another column of interest to tax-payers.

——John Corter, aged 105 years, and the oldest citizen in Williamsport, was buried in that city last week.

——PORTLAND CUTTERS.—Three new first-class Cortland Cutters for sale by Aaron Harter, Centre Hall. tf

——John D. Decker and C. C. Auman advertise in the REPORTER the real estate of D. S. Auman, dec'd, in Poe valley.

——Tuesday morning the thermometer was down to zero, and in some localities in the county it was 2 to 3 deg. below.

——Wolf's have a good chewing tobacco for 65 cents a pound with every plug of which they will give you a good buggy whip.

——J. H. Ross, merchant, at Linden Hall, D. Fye, of Tusseyville, and R. B. Treaster were callers at the REPORTER office.

— The finest assortment of Christmas, New Year and birthday cards ever seen in this part of the state, at Murray's drug store. tf

——For fine confectioneries, and other holiday-goods, go to Lewis' grocery, near the Bellefonte post office. The best holiday stock in town.

——Read Sechler's holiday advertisement. It is headquarters for groceries and first-class in all its arrangements as well as for bargains.

——The farm of Daniel Kramer, dec'd, near Millheim, containing over 200 acres, was sold to Christian Mensch, of Union Co., at $68 per acre.

——The County Commissioners publish an important notice to tax-collectors and ditto to tax payers. See another column of the REPORTER.

——Wm. A. Sandoe killed four hogs last week which dressed over 1600 lbs. With such a record on pork it is settled that Sandoe is not a Jew.

——Local news are scarce—we suppose the weather has been too cold for anything startling to happen, unless some one has frozen to death.

——Orris M'Cormic has got back from the west and south-west and has enough of it. It's old Pennsylvany yet for him, altho' he tells it a little "slow."

——Sunday night set in with a fierce snow blizzard which continued until next day. The thermometer on Monday morning stood 2 deg. above zero.

——Buy your groceries, fine confectioneries, etc., for the holidays, from the fresh stock at Lewis' grocery, Bellefonte. No assortment like it in the county.

——D. A. Boozer has a full line of saddler's hardware. Go and see his whips, collars, bridles, halters, heavy and light harness. A good time to order harness

——A new enterprise at Pine Grove Mills will be the store conducted by Messrs. D. S. Erb and Jonathan Hess. We understand that they have purchased Thompson's store.

——Elegant Christmas goods at Zeller's drug store, suitable for presents. If you wish to buy of the finest fancy goods, toilet sets, dressing cases, etc., go to Zeller's drug store.

——A skillful surgical operation was performed on last Saturday, by Prof. Goodell, of Jefferson Med, College, Philadelphia, assisted by Drs. Alexander, Jacobs, Van Valzah and Dale. The patient is the wife of Harry Kreamer, of this place, who had been suffering for over a year from an ovarian tumor, which of late showed signs of rapidly enlarging. An operation might save the life of the patient, while on the other hand death would be certain if no operation were performed. All needed preparations having been made by the local doctors, Prof. Goodell was enabled to begin the operation immediately after his arrival on the 9:15 train, and before 12, noon, all was over. One opening was effected and a tumor taken from either side of the lady—the one weighing 12 pounds and the other three. The tumors were solid, which rendered the operation all the more difficult. In most cases of this kind the growths are filled with water, which can be removed causing a collapse thus requiring a smaller opening to effect a removal, which favorable circumstance was not found in this case. Mrs. Kreamer is not out of danger but getting along as well as could be expected of one in her critical condition.

——We believe the readers of the REPORTER will read with regret the announcement of Goldsmith Bros., proprietors of the Bee Hive store, that they contemplate selling out their stock with a view to leaving Bellefonte. The Goldsmiths had one of the most popular stores in Bellefonte, and were liked by all who dealt there, and their trade reached every part of the county. They were a live business firm, kept first-class goods, had only one price for rich and poor and never tried to take in a customer. We never heard a single complaint. They had a large trade, but being young yet, and possessed of first class business qualities, they wish to strike for a field that will enable them to do business on a larger scale and have concluded to go to Scranton.

——A little daughter of Mrs. D. Brungard, of Lock Haven, who with her mother is visiting at Harry Kreamer's in this place, was unfortunate last Thursday, 3. The little girl, aged about 9 years, was on the garret, and fell down the open stairway a distance of some 7 feet, breaking one of her legs about three inches above the knee. Mrs. Brungard is a sister of Mrs. Kreamer and a daughter of Dr. Strohecker, dec'd.

——An appropriate Christmas gift is a pair of nice boots or shoes—any friend will appreciate such a present and think of you in the morning on rising from bed and on retiring at night. Mingle, of the popular shoe store, in the Brockerhoff house, has got in a stock of boots and shoes for the holiday season which will be offered very low. Go and see his assortment and invest in a pair as a present for any friend you have.

— We are under obligations to our friend John D Decker, of the Seven Mts., for a nice lot of venison. Mr. D. never forgets the editor when he is successful in his hunting trips, and we suppose that is the reason he is always so lucky. A short time ago he and his two sons killed three deer in one day and they did not go far from home to do it either. May their rifles never miss fire and always hit the game.

——Hog cholera now prevailing, has been successfully treated by the following mode: Take one pound of coarse flour or middlings brown it well, add one tablespoonful of lard, then one pint of water, let it boil up once or twice, then add one tablespoonful of powdered charcoal and one of Cattle powder. Give this three times a day and nothing else to eat for several days.

——The remains of John Hoffer will be buried at Centre Hall, Saturday afternoon, next. The funeral services will be held in the Reformed church at Bellefonte, at 11 a. m Saturday, and the corpse be placed on the 1 p. m train which reaches this place at 2 p. m.

——There was a sudden fall in pork, at Coburn, on last Tuesday morning. Five porkers which Mr. S. R. Gettig had killed and hung up, all at once went down, with a big splash—of course there was a rise in pork immediately after, with a "grunt" from those who took a hand in the rise.

——Jacob Miller, of Hares valley, in Huntingdon county, aged 85 years, says that in the course of his life he has killed over six hundred deer and twenty-six bears Mr. Miller at his advanced age is still an active man and enjoys a deer hunt as much as any young man in the country.

——Mr. Rutherford, one of the carpenters at Abe Kerlin's house, was let down very suddenly some 12 or 15 feet a few days ago by the breaking of a scaffold. He was stunned a little by the fall, but has got limbered up again.

——Hunting parties are numerous in the mountains Some of the fleet-to-ted animals are killed, but game is not as plentiful as hunters wish it. There are more bears being killed, however, this season than here ofore.

——The Ladies' Decorative Art Society State College, will give an art exhibition, auction of decorated articles, refreshments and music, Friday evening 11, in the College Armory.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The teachers' institute will meet in the court-house, Monday, Dec 28, 1½ p. m. Dr. Atherton, Hon. Henry Houck, Prof. Musser, Prof. Kemp, Mrs Hunt and others will be present as instructors Our teachers can not afford to be absent from the institute, if they respect their profession. We are pleased to say they have heretofore shown a proper appreciation of the value of the institute sessions by their large percentage of attendance. Let them do their utmost to make the approaching institute one of the best ever held in this county and sustain Supt Wolf in his great work of raising the standard of education in our county. Prof Wolf expects to secure excursion rates for teachers and others.

The State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, met at Harrisburg on 8. Well known members of the Grange from different parts of the state were present at the meeting, which was the largest ever held in the state. Thursday evening a banquet will be held in the U. S. Hotel. Over 200 invitations have been issued. Each invitation is adorned by a beautiful hand-painted landscape.

DEATH OF JOHN HOFFER.

Mr. John Hoffer, a resident of Bellefonte, died suddenly at his home, on Tuesday, 8, at about 10 a. m. He had a stroke of paralysis in his store late in the afternoon on the day before and was taken to his home The stroke was not considered serious as he remained fully conscious up to his end, which came unexpected.

Mr. Hoffer was born near Centre Hall, and was a son of Christian Hoffer. He was raised on his father's farm and in early life was a school teacher. He was elected Prothonotary of this county about thirty years ago and filled the position to the utmost satisfaction of all After serving out his term Mr. Hoffer engaged in the mercantile business in which he continued up to his death. His customers were from all parts of the county, as he dealt fairly with all, rich and poor, and never exacted a dishonest penny from any one. Honesty was the aim of his business career. He was a devoted member of the Reformed church, but of that liberal Christian faith which led him to cherish a friendly feeling for all Christian denominations. He was a Christian in every sense of the term; we do not believe he had an enemy; he was kind and tender-hearted, and a model husband and father. He leaves a wife and two children. His age was about 66 years. His daughter was in Michigan when he died, and was summoned home by telegraph.

FROM NEBRASKA.

Your readers perhaps would like to know something of Polk county, Neb, The weather this fall is pretty good for farmers, and they are finishing up the corn. The steam thrasher is still heard. Wheat is a little light where we had thunder-storms and hot sun just before being ripe, and shrunk some. Oats and barley crops were good. Flax does well here, and yields 12 to 15 bushels per acre; wheat yields 10 to 30, oats 40 to 70, corn 40 to 80, rye 14 to 28, potatoes 100 to 300 bushels. All kinds of garden truck grows well. I have parsnips 3½ in in diameter and 12 in. long, cabbage heads that would fill a half bushel, squash 4 in. long and 16 in diameter, turnips 10 in. in diameter.

Farms can be rent for the ⅓. I rented my farm for the ⅓ until this year. Hogs are dying, eight miles east of here, like flies. Wheat is worth 50 to 60 cts. per bushel, oats 16 to 20c, corn 16 to 18, hogs $3 to $3.50 on foot,

Wild geese are not plenty yet. This time last year Platt river was alive with them. With two to four thousand dollars you can buy yourself rich here. For $4000 I will sell my farm with stock, 3 milk cows, heifer, 2 calves, 10 hogs, 120 chickens, corn, cook stove, heating stove, sewing machine, household goods, all new 3 years ago. I want to build a flouring mill further west, that is why I want to sell. Will give possession whenever desired. SAM'L KRADER,

Clarksville, Merrick Co., Neb., Nov. 30

Mifflintown, Dec. 6.—Wm Musselman, who was accidentally shot by a companion while hunting on Shade Mountain on Thanksgiving died yesterday morning. It is supposed that in falling he fractured two ribs and they penetrated the lung, causing death. Mr Coffman, who did the shooting, is almost distracted over the sad occurrence.

Aches and panes long borne make even the young feel old. The true remedy is Parker's Tonic. It purifies the blood, sets in order the liver and kidneys, banishes pain and builds up the health Besides it has the reputation of doing what we claim for it. dec

An Allegheny county assessor claims pay for his work on the eight-hour basis, and if refused he will make a test case in court. If successful all the assessors in the county will make out their bills on a basis of eight hours per day. The case excites interest.

Princes, potentates, plain people, everybody needs Samaritan Nervine. $1 50 at druggists.

"Our child had fits. The doctor said death was certain. Samaritan Nervine cured her."—Henry Kuee, Vervilia, Ten $1 50 at druggists.

Application will soon be made for the incorporation of a company to lease lands and mine coal in the bituminous region of Clearfield, Centre, Blair, Cambria and Jefferson counties. The company is composed of large capitalists who will fully develop that bituminous region.

Forty years' experience in every clime on earth has proved Ayer's Cherry Pectoral to be the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and all lung diseases. Neglected colds often become incurable ailments. Deal with them in time, and prevent their becoming deep-seated in the system.

There are tricks in all trades. It is said that Northern and Western Pennsylvania apples are put into York State barrels and sold for 25 cents less than those from New York orchards. They are just as good, too. Pennsylvania growers are paying much more attention to apple culture than they did formerly.

Tone up the system by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will make you feel like a new man. Thousands have found health and relief from suffering by the use of this great blood purifier when all other means failed.

OUR CHRISTMAS OFFER to any of our readers: We will send you the CENTRE REPORTER one year free if you will send us two new cash names for a year. This Christmas offer will only hold good to January 15, '86. A chance to get the REPORTER one year free.

"Most of these hair preparations don't work," writes Mr. J. S Burdic, of St. Louis, "but Parker's Hair Balsam is an honorable exception My hair was thin and prematurely gray. The Balsam made it grown again and soft as in my boyhood." dec

I have scarcely seen a worse case of catarrh than that which I suffered Keller's Catarrh Remedy thoroughly cured me. H. WELCOMER,

Passenger Engineer P. & E. R. R.

Keller's Catarrh Remedy is the medicine of the age.

At a recent marriage in Ohio the bride, a Miss Morris, wore a dress that was imported from Paris in 1742 for a wedding, and has been in the family ever since, being used only on such occasions. It was worn again in 1776 as a wedding dress, but not again until the other day, when Miss Morris donned it. Not a stitch has been altered or added to it, and it is in almost as good condition as when new.

Never neglect a constipated condition of the bowels, or serious results surely follow, such as piles, impure blood, and chronic complaints. Burdock Blood Bitters.

Finance vs. Literature.

If you read what follows you will not be profited in a literary point of view perhaps, but financially if you do as you are here advised; we are sure you will at least loose nothing. We have always tried to please our trade with appropriate holiday goods and feel satisfied that our stock is better and larger this year than ever, having invested in some articles never before kept in this place. The stock is not yet complete but will be in ample time. Don't go from home or buy your Christmas presents until you have seen our assortment, we are sure we can please you. As to prices we are ready to meet any others, quality considered, but we will positively not misrepresent our goods and sell inferior for first-class goods.

Next week will name you a list of articles we have suitable for Xmas presents for your friends. Don't buy until you see our goods, we will try our best to please you. Most Respectfully Yours,

WM. WOLF & SON.

CLOSING SALE.

The first week of our Closing sale is over, and we are gratified with the result.

Quantities of Underware have gone and we still offer what is in stock at the special prices. Come quick.

We are selling to dispose of stock, not to make money. Last week's quotations continue and we add this week

400 yards Canton Flannels, at 2½ and 3 cents below the retail price.

New Prints retail price 7c reduced to 5½c.

Table Linens to be sold this week—special prices.

Ladies' New Brunswick Rubbers, retail 50 cents reduced to 39c.

Blair's Keystone Stationery for Holiday trade—Box Papers, etc.

Darby & Cos French Candy assortment just received and very fine. Best candies for the holidays

Our store room will be for rent after April first, 1886. Call at the store for information.

MARY A. DINGES, Owner. C. DINGES, Agent.

We also have a number of very desirable building lots, just outside the Borough limits and about 100 rods from the railroad station, facing the railroad, which we offer at $125, and $150 for corner lots, on easy terms by monthly instalments on two or three years time. Apply at the store. Very Truly, MARY A. DINGES,

C. DINGES, Agent. Proprietress.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.—Whereas there is a general opinion prevailing among the tax-payers throughout the county that because a collector's warrant is good for two years, they have the same length of time in which to pay the taxes. Tax Collectors frequently complain to us that many persons make this a pretext for refusing to pay their taxes until they are actually forced to do so, and those being generally such as are best able to pay. We therefore submit for your information the following Act of Assembly of April 15, 1854, in relation thereto:

"Every collector shall, within three months after receiving the correct duplicate, pay into the hands of the treasurer of the property, county or township as the case may be, the whole amount of the taxes charged and assessed in such duplicate, excepting such sum as the Commissioners, or Supervisors and Overseers, as the case may be, in their discretion, may exhonerate him from, on pain of being answerable for and charged with the whole balance remaining so unpaid."

You will readily see by the above Act that tax collectors are required to pay in the full amount of their duplicates within three months after the duplicates are passed in their hands.

JOHN WOLF,
J. C. HENDERSON,
9dec3t A. J. GRIEST,
Commissioners.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, there will be exposed at public sale on the premises, in POE VALLEY, in Penn Twp., on SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, at 10 a. m., the following valuable real estate, late the property of Daniel S. Auman, dec'd, of Penn twp., bounded and described as follows: Bounded by lands of Thos. P. Cope, John Immel, William L. Musser and Peter Wetzel, containing 100 ACRES, about 50 Acres is cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The rest of the land is covered with good timber. Thereon erected a fine House and Barn and other outbuildings, all new and in first class condition. There is also a very valuable Saw Mill, in perfect running order, on the property, and a new Cider Press, in good order. There is a fine Orchard yielding choice fruit. The farm is well watered. This is a desirable property and would be a good investment for any one.

Terms—Ten per cent. of purchase money cash on day of sale, ⅓ on confirmation of sale and the balance in one year, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

JOHN D. DECKER,
CHAS. C. AUMAN,
Administrators, ect.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the late residence of Jacob M. Treaster, deceased, 1 mile east of CENTRE HILL, on WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9, at 12 o'clock sharp: Two horses, 1-horse wagon, set wagon wheels, wheelbarrow, spring wagon, set of tug harness, saddle, log sled, cultivator, plow, forks, doubletrees, cider barrels, meat vessels, 5 bbl. vinegar, cutting box; also, household furniture, cook stove, stuk, cupboard, table, doughtray, wood box, 1 dozen chairs, 4 bedsteads, bureau, clock, tubs, churn, carpets, dishes, dinner bell, iron kettle, rifle, sausage stuffer, lard press, and many other articles. R. B. TREASTER,

D. R. Sweetwood, Auct. Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Margaret A. Woods, late of Gregg twp, dec'd, having been law fully granted to the undersigned, would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement 18nov6t S. A. WOODS, Ex'r.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE, AT CENTRE HALL.—The undersigned offers his large 2-Story Brick Dwelling House and Lot at private sale. Stable and all other outbuildings are also of brick, except corn crib and ice house. All buildings are new. Choice fruit on the lot, and a cistern near the door. Heater in cellar can be bought with property if desired. Will be sold very cheap. For further information apply to H. E. ZERBE,

21oct2m Centre Hall.

DIED.

At Zion on Nov. 26, Mrs. Ann Maria Baney, aged 85 years, 11 months, 29 days.

——After Sept. 1 our stock of zephyrs, yarns, embroidery and knitting silks, and everything pertaining to the line of fancy work, will be complete and kept up as it formerly was at our old stand before the fire. GOLDSMITH BROS.

CENTRE HALL LOTS—Building lots, ¼ mile east of Centre Hall station, for sale. Prices, $100, $110 to $115 per lot. Payments easy. 3m FRED KURTZ.

——Our stock of fall and winter woolens is now in, and on all orders for the next 30 days, we will allow a discount of 10 per cent GOLDSMITH BROS.,

Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte, Pa.

Prices at J. D. Long & Son's,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Small Stove Coal	$ 1 20	White & mixed	$ 85
Chestnut	4 20	Butter	16
Egg	4 10	Eggs	20
Pea	2 65	Potatoes	25
Brew Shot	2 50	Lard	7
Soft Wheat	90	Pork	5

Beef 5c to 6c.

Groceries and Provisions.

NEW GOODS

——FOR THE——:

Holiday Trade!!

FRESH ARRIVALS EVERY DAY FROM THIS TIME UNTIL FIRST OF JANUARY.

FINE FLORIDA ORANGES.

BRIGHT NEW LEMONS.

CHOICE WHITE GRAPES.

NEW CROP FRENCH PRUNES.

FIGS, DATES, PRUNELLES.

FINEST CLUSTER RAISINS.

PRESERVED CITRON AND LEMON PEEL.

CURRANTS AND BAKING RAISINS.

EVAPORATED PEACHES AND PEARS.

ALMONDS AND ASSORTED NUTS.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE LINE OF PURE CONFECTIONERY AT CITY PRICES.

CLEAR CANDY TOYS.

MOLASSES CANDY (OR TAFFY) MADE BY OURSELVES. ALWAYS FRESH.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS, Canned and Evaporated.

PURE HONEY, in pint and quart jars.

NEW BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, Roller process.

CRANBERRIES SOUND AND FIRM.

PLAIN AND FANCY CRACKERS.

FINEST FULL CREAM CHEESE.

PURE SUGAR TABLE SYRUP

A full line of NEW CANNED GOODS

PURE ROCK CANDY SYRUP

in half gallon and one gallon cans.

PURE MAPLE SYRUP

in quart and half-gallon cans.

FINE, FRAGRANT TEAS.

PURE SPICES. You can depend on our ground Pepper for butchering purposes.

It is strictly pure.

FRESH OYSTERS opened to order. Send in your order one day ahead when you can.

CALL ON US FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT IN OUR LINE.

SECHLER & CO.,

GROCERS,

BUSH HOUSE BLOCK

BELLEFONTE, PA. 9dec

LOOK HERE

WHY NOT BUY YOUR

Confectionery, Fruits, Nuts

—AND—

HOLIDAY GOODS

Where you can get them for less money than you can buy them in the city at wholesale, at

SOURBECK'S

BELLEFONTE.

I have the largest stock of Confectionery, Fruits, and Holiday Goods in Pennsylvania. Call and be Convinced for yourself I make

Special Prices for

CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

——FESTIVALS.——

For prices call on or address

J. D. SOURBECK,

BELLEFONTE, PA., No. 8, Brockerhoff Row.

Holiday } Holiday } Holiday Goods { Goods Goods

THE BEST PLACE IN CENTRE COUNTY TO BUY

HOLIDAY GOODS,

Albums, Books, Stationery

AND FANCY GOODS

—IS AT—

Schaeffers' Book Store,

2 DOORS FROM THE POST-OFFICE,

BELLEFONTE

This space is reserved for

Lewis Grocery,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Look for his announcement of

HOLIDAY GOODS

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

Don't fail to see their Windows during the Holidays as they will Contain novelties of a Rare and fine nature. Their like have never Been seen in this County. Call and Examine our stock.

PROPOSALS.—Sealed proposals for the building of a school house in Egg Hill subdistrict will be received by the board of directors up to 2 o'clock p. m., Saturday, Dec. 12, at which time board will meet at Centre Hill to consider proposals. Bids will also be received for the old school building in said sub-district. The right reserved to reject any or all bids. For further information see specifications in hands of Secretary of the board, one mile east of Centre Hill

W. A. KERR, J. L. NEFF,
Sec'y Potter School Dist. Presid.nt

PUBLIC SALE OF WAGONS, BUGGIES, HARDWARE, &c.—The undersigned will offer at public sale, to make room for other goods, at CENTRE HALL, on Saturday, DECEMBER 12, at 1 o'clock, the following: One buggy, spring wagon, family rig, 2-seated cutter, buggy bodies, spokes, hubs, bellows, wheels, buggy gearing, picture frames, paper, books, envelopes, tools, skillets, pots, boilers, pans, forks, a tin-hoes, saw planes, iron and steel and a lot of other articles. J. O. DEININGER.

NOTICE TO POTTER TWP TAX PAYERS—The Collector of Potter Twp. will meet Tax-payers of said township for the purpose of receiving School and County Tax at Centre Hill, Saturday, P. M., Dec. 26. Tusseyville, Tuesday, P. M., Dec. 29. Potters Mills, Wednesday, P. M., Dec. 30. Centre Hall, Thursday, P. M., Dec. 31.

An addition of 5 per cent. will be made and collected on all School Tax unpaid Jan. 1, '86.

B. H. ARNEY, Collector.

NOTICE TO TAX-COLLECTORS.—We hereby give notice that all Collectors of State and County Taxes for 1885 must positively present their lattas for exhonerations on their respective duplicates on or before the Fourth Monday of January, 1886. JOHN WOLF

J. C HENDERSON,
9dec3t A. J. GRIEST,
Commissioners.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	22	Eggs	22
Ham	14	Lard	8
Shoulders	8	Potatoes	30

—o—

GRAIN

Wanted at the Centre Hall ROLLER MILL, for which the following prices are paid:

Red Wheat	$ 85	Shelled Corn	$ 45
White and mixed	80	Oats	25
Barley	60	Rye	35